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THE ORIGIN OF THE SCIENCES.

BY PROFESSOR FOREMAN.

A CATALOGUE of the primary wants of mankind will furnish an index as they have done, an origin to the sciences known and studied among men. An Arabic proverb declares, "need develops the mind"—an English one representing the same idea, that "necessity is the mother of invention." As the early races of men, therefore, discovered their wants, their ingenuity devised modes and practices to relieve them. To procure food in sufficient abundance—to invent habiliments, or materials of suitable texture of which to make them—to arrange a system of self-defence and preservation, surrounded as they were by the elements, exposed to furious beasts, and if last mentioned, not their least terrific foes, their fellow men—and to construct dwellings, a later art, however, were all of them the promptings of necessity, each of which eventually lead to the establishment of a separate art, science, trade or manufacture.

As modern musicians compose their most enchanting pieces, by compiling the sound of harmony which resound through the wilds of nature, the voices of birds, the hum of the housing bee, or the song of less domestic insects; and by arranging them "like orient pearls at random strung," they come to discourse most excellent music. So mankind has drawn most of their useful practices or conveniences from

the natural habits and instinct, observed among the wild denizens of the air, the forest, and the brooks. Whenever this course was happily pursued, some true and useful principle was developed. They copied nature for nature is a friend to truth.

The primitive races were placed in a latitude where plants yielded their abundant fruits, and at the same time were found blooming with the flowery promises of more. Mellow, and gushing with delicious juices they were on all sides offered to the outstretched hand; whilst the crystal drops which filtered through cool rocky recesses, furnished to him who was thirsty, a draught too natural not to be enjoyed. It is left yet a question to those curious in Ethics to discuss, whether he who first yearned after the flesh of animals for food, and who took away life to gratify this new appetite, felt no repugnance in the act, or whether he may not have become distinguished for this first act of cruelty, by a mark similar to that which disfigured the brow of Cain. Length of time was not required for mankind to perceive that the beasts in the fields were better clothed than they. But no want arose which did not have a corresponding power and ingenuity, born twin brother to the wish, which secured its gratification. The animals at first slain for their flesh were made subsequently to yield their fleecy coats to cover the unprotected form of the living sufferer.

Prompted by the need of some resort, whose shelter would protect them from the inclemencies of changing seasons, and whose security defied the nightly prowler which assails its victim in the hours of sleep—they at first perchance imitated the nest of the eagle among the rocks, or the more architectural home of some insect tribes, or the form whereon the hare sat drumming, or the holes or caves to which the larger animals were seen to betake themselves. The result of these imitative efforts are now seen to exist, in the troglodytic den of Northern Turkey, the kraal of the Hottentot, the wigwam of the Indian, the tent of the Arab, and no less in the more elaborate and costly structures, known as Egyptian, Greek, or Gothic edifices.

It was in making such arrangements for his subsistence and comfort, that man passed his early days in that eastern garden, upon the side of whose hills the wild vine wove its tendrils over the oak, the larch, the pine, and on whose plain the manna-bearing ash bloomed with a profuse garniture of lovely flowers. Here each want was gratified, and the experience growing out of each passing hour, was stored away as

useful and good. For it was only when peace and appetites gratified brought repose, that wisdom was gathered up or rude art cultivated. In the pangs of hunger or whilst suffering from cold or heat, or from any other discomfort incident to an early unprotected race, the gnawing pain, and the hurry to appease it, left no time for quiet contemplation. But it is in the power of man to achieve whatever he will, and no obstacles are too great to be overcome by his energy and devotion of purpose. It was only when leisure to observe came, that the vast assemblage of splendid things with which nature had clothed the land, drew his attention. Then the green carpet of verdure, the fields enamelled with flowers, the music of insects, the voices and the rich plumage of birds, and a crowd of other objects brought enjoyment with the lingering hours. From this intercourse with all that is beautiful burst forth, the unstudied thoughts, the natural eloquence, the utterance of a thousand affectionate and benevolent feelings which spring from an enthusiastic communion with nature. All this is characteristic of the early student of nature in the initiatory state of learning by observation, and all the days of his life afterwards, he remembers the first flash of mental enjoyment which rushed over his senses. In that hour the scenes of nature become his playmates, and before his ideas are sufficiently formed to enable him to estimate the difference between the azure tint of the sky, and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, he feels that an intimacy with them had that moment grown up within him, which must accompany him through life. Removed from woods and brooks those pleasures so congenial are gone away from, and sensations of dullness, and nothingness overpower him.

Perhaps aerial companions drew his notice more strongly; then no shelter seemed so secure as the dense foliage, under which the feathered tribe resorted, or the caves and fissures of the massive rock to which the cormorant and curlew retired. He learns the notes uttered by each, and listens as if to some being, speaking to himself. A shadow passes over the sunny earth, and looking upwards, he beholds a favourite, winging its way with food for its nestlings, which are screaming with hunger on the wild rock, or on the lofty tree. Each note which falls on his ear comes to signify some particular bird, though he sees it not—a twig broken, a strange nest, some errant flying feather, and every sign and appearance furnishes to his senses, evidence of a familiar acquaintance or interesting stranger. Finch, hawk, owl, or heron have all their signs, and to him observation reveals the whole.

Mankind inhabited a latitude where all things grow up to

luxuriance, and where nature produces her most perfect works. Under the genial sun the plains become for a great portion of the year one sea of flowers, one wide expanse of fragrance. The mountain's top glories in its crown of hardy plants which defy the cold, and the vallies shelter the delicate petals of various hue. The streams are covered with the heavy odour of the floating lily, and in the deep shades of the forest, the wax-like petals of the maculated chimaphila droops its lonely head. But no spot exists which does not possess its own peculiar adornment, far over the wide globe, and on many a distant scene, where the venturous foot and admiring eye of man never has—never may come—

The creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
Wave in the west wind's summer sighs.

When straying in the path which led to the lake, where in the summer heats, in common with the antlered stranger of the forest, he slaked his thirst, he perchance may see the snow snail, with its shelly covering brightly banded with vivid markings, travelling over the dewy grass, and marvel at its nature, use and qualities—or wandering on the sanded beach where

The murmuring surge
That on the unnumbered pebbles idly chafes,

Speaking with an untiring tongue of wildness and sublimity, he may behold the stranger form of many an ocean shell painted in brilliant colours, which the surf has cast up from the deep, deep sea.

When the heavy cloud in summer gave forth its big rain-drops with a shout of thunder, man welcomed its coming with rejoicing, and reasoned upon the fitness of its properties and use. He found that every drop that fell, bore into the bosom of the earth a quality of beautiful fertility, and that each glorious tree, and herb, and shrub, and flower, owes to these drops their life, their freshness, and their beauty. He felt that half the loveliness of the green world is all their gift, and that without them he would wander through a dull desert, as dusty as the grave. Then in the words of an eloquent writer, "Blessed be forever the beautiful drops of the sky—the refreshing soothers of the seared earth—the nourishers of the flowers, that calm race of beings which are all loveliness and tranquillity, without passion, or pain, or desire, or disappointment; whose life is beauty, and whose breath is perfume."

Observation must likewise have early taught mankind that

there is a train of machinery in the air, and in the waters beyond conception vast, and possessed of a power to preserve its own balance, and regulate its own operations. The air which howled in the tempest, and tore the great forest trees from their old resting places in the soil, or which threw down the loosened blocks of granite from the mountain's summit, was the same which stood calm and undisturbed at noontide in summer, nor ruffled the smallest leaf on the tall trees, and was the same which he drew in with his breath. Observation taught man likewise to know, that in motion or in rest, it was equally fit for respiration, and that the infusion of some noxious quality into it which was unaccountable and invisible, would unfit it for the breath of life. How utterly impotent any human power or contrivance was in freeing the atmosphere of any foreign vapours, must have undoubtedly been felt, that the existence of some like agent which would bring inevitable destruction, must have been undoubtedly feared. Our early observer must have noticed, that the rivulet in which he slaked his thirst so often, when the storm subsided had become swollen, turbid and unfit—and he must have felt how utterly impossible it was for him to restore it to purity and fitness. But the fountain which bubbled up in the heart of the wilderness, was as sparkling and as clear as ever. But who holds this extensive command over the waters which flow in hidden channels through the earth? Could any individual or assemblage of men, countless as the trees in the forest, ever accomplish this vast undertaking? Is there any one capable of eradicating a deleterious property from the air? Were it to become denser or thicker, and unfit for respiration—were its quantity increased, or did it extend to a greater height above the earth than now it does—the destruction of organized life would be enormous. The delicate tissues of plants, the fine web-like membranes in animals must yield beneath so increased a pressure, as a consequence too, the force of the winds would be increased, and oh! how powerless is the hand of man when lifted up against its progress. The harmless cooling zephyrs which communicate freshness to the air by salutary and slight commotions, and promote the growth of vegetation by its gentle agitation of their leaves, if greater in force or duration would render the blooming garden-places of the earth desolate. But the laws which control all these motions are finite, and they limit all atmospheric changes.

Among the earliest objects for the notice and contemplation of man, must have been the sun. He beheld it, that it came each day in brilliancy to shed warmth and light upon

the sons of men, like the daily gifts of a father to his children. He reflected upon the effect of the warm rays upon the periodical yield of the earth. That all plants flourished beneath his influence, as well the humblest as the bright consummate flower, and that their leaves turned each their faces upwards, and towards him as in worship all the day long.— Before he emerged from the scene, the tops of the mountains reddened, and lighted up their snowy caps as if in honour of his expected coming. While the world was still buried in night, they had caught the beams of the day. By and by their colors warmed into a richer roseate hue, which contrasted with the purple mists which lay bathing in darkness at their feet. As morning advances, a hot glow succeeds and all places are lighted up with an ineffable and overwhelming radiance. All nature seems contributing to proclaim in the most expressive terms, honour and admiration at the coming and presence of the sun. To a susceptible and excitable race, it is not a matter of surprise that these combinations of circumstances, led them to view this orb as the great fabricator of all the world, and the giver of all good to the creatures which roamed its surface. Their adoration are well expressed in Manfred's apostrophe to the sun.

Glorious orb! the idol
 Of early nature and the vigorous race
 Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
 Of the embrace of angels, with a sex
 More beautiful than they, which did draw down
 The erring spirits who can ne'er return
 Most glorious orb thou wert a worship ere
 The mystery of thy making was revealed.
 Thou! earliest minister of the Almighty
 Which gladdened on the mountain tops the hearts
 Of the Chaldean Shepherds till they poured
 Themselves in orisons! Thou material God
 And representative of the unknown—
 Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star
 Centre of many stars! which makest our earth
 Endurable and temperest the hues
 And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
 Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes
 And those who dwell within them! Near or far
 Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
 Even as our outward aspects. Thou dost rise
 And shine and set in glory.

As the daylight furnished every hour its own peculiar appearances for study, so when the sun went down a light less radiant, a sun chastened down to mellowness, almost to sad-

ness succeeded—it was the moon and her train of stars.—Thence sprung renewed observation whereon to fix the basis and beginning of a system of knowledge, more cherished, more profound and more perfect than any other science known among men. He, who first of all men saw the sun after shedding light over all things, sink down, the light go out, and be succeeded by the glimmering sheen of the moon's rays, must have wondered at the spectacle, must have shouted with an overwhelming flow of excitement. Instead of one enormous blazing globe, myriads of small points of light all splendid and enduring came forth.

He had contemplated nature, had reflected on himself, compared with all other creatures, had found himself so peculiar, so extraordinary, and his position in the world so sublime; he saw and admired all things—other animals saw and admired them not—he alone had the capacity. He felt that dignity which an elevated upright courage confers.—His organs and limbs which were the ministers of his will, to execute or to feel, and above all, his eyes which revealed to his mind all the natural magnificence around him. His was the sublime privilege first to behold the moon rise from behind the eastern hill and career thus silently over the blue heavens.

The long observation of the past upon the components of the solar system, has been wrought by human reason into a chain which binds in its links the remotest events of the future. By them we are enabled fairly to interpret nature's oracles. So that by that which we have tried, we receive a prophecy of that which is untried. The claims of astronomy are now so fully acknowledged that the public wealth of every nation, pretending to civilization, the most consummate productions of labor and skill in instruments, the loftiest and most powerful intellects which appear among men, are gladly and emulously assigned to the task of adding to its completeness.

Pursuing this primary system of education, man came to be acquainted with all the phenomena which rose to his sight each day of his existence. He made also an acquaintance with the forms of objects and their colours; with light and warmth as they emanated from the sun; with the voices of nature as exhibited in the sounds pouring from every green court and forest where birds and the insect tribes or animals resorted, the motions which accompany life, and the rest, and decay which follow death. He found the use of certain substances as applied to himself, as the fruits of the earth, the waters in the lake, and recognised the inutility of others as the many

bitter herbs or refractory minerals. He saw the animals prefer one vegetable and reject another, the one nutrient and of agreeable taste, and the other harsh, obnoxious, and perhaps of intoxicating nature. For when the heats of summer had perfected the warm spices, and the stimulating aromatic fruits and seeds of various plants, use and observation united, taught them unfitness for food from their strange unusual and dangerous results upon other animals—they saw

“Those golden birds that in the spice time drop
About the gardens drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent had lured them o'er the summer flood.”

A series of observations similar to what we are imagining to have been pursued in those early days, when the observer was guided by want, by necessity, and afterwards by experience, is all that is required to perfect the arts and sciences so early and so auspiciously begun. But to avoid error, and to render such labours more effective, it is always proper to examine all that is known to have been done during preceding ages. After making an acquisition of wisdom, men next in the natural order of things directed their attention to modes of transmitting it from one individual to another—from their own to any succeeding generation. At first this was chiefly accomplished through oral tradition. At length, marks, characters, hieroglyphics or letters were invented to represent objects, events, or thoughts, and when stamped endurably on some retaining surface, formed a record in a conventional language capable of being read by many races of men in after years.

Thus we trace the origin of human knowledge, and have here developed the cause, the manner, the period and the kind. It is a study worthy of our best application, and abounds in the richest rewards to those who may cultivate it well. Cicero remarks somewhere, that not to know what has been transacted in former times is to continue always in a state of childhood. If no use were made by one age of the labours of its predecessors, and no attempt made to know how its knowledge was derived, the world would always remain in the infancy of wisdom. Science is necessarily accumulative and is travelling towards perfection. The principles of astronomy may be learnt in comparatively a short part of a man's life, yet who so boldly vain as to flatter himself that the study of a long life, would have enabled him, unaided, to discern a few of their truths.

It may be said further, that by tracing from antiquity downwards, what has been done by the world towards educating itself, is to discover and to appreciate the obstructions our ancestors experienced, and enabling us to appreciate their efforts, also to overcome them. It is to pass through savage wilds, over precipices and rapid torrents, but with a guardian Mentor by our side, which prompts us when danger approaches, and instructs us how danger is avoided. It is by pursuing this course, that of late days the sciences have progressed so rapidly; and of some of them it may truly be said that they outgrow any likeness of them faster than it can be sketched.

A PORTRAIT.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

Through the gazer's breast is stealing
A pure rapture sweet and wild;
While thy face, its charms revealing,
Fair as snowflakes undefiled,
Speaks a woman with the feeling
And the lightness of a child.

With thy locks like sunlight streaming,
Thou art beauty's self, fair one;
With thy cheek in beauty beaming,
From high thoughts and feelings won;
And thy lustrous eye outgleaming
A bright sabre in the sun.

As the bird in tropic bowers
Ever wave its sportive wing,
'Mid the bright and balmy flowers,
Without voice of sorrowing;
So 'mid joy and smiles, thy hours
Flit, thou light and fairy thing.

May no cloud of earthly sorrow,
Shade thy brow or dim with tears
Thy bright eye; but may each morrow
Shed a rainbow o'er life's fears,
And a milder radiance borrow
From the gentle flight of years.

NATIONAL LITERATURE.

NO. I.

THE BOHEMIAN.

THE Sclavonic language is of Indian origin. The old alphabet of forty-six letters, while the Devanagari has fifty-six; similarity of mythological traditions, religious rites, and civil institutions, among which may be mentioned, the customs of widows' immolating themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands; and the many remaining roots of Indian derivation, all go to establish this fact. Indeed, the traveller Bresowske, declares, that through the Croatian, a branch of the Antian-Sclavonic, he was enabled to hold communication with the Hindoo nations, as far as Cochin China.

The Bohemian language, or rather the Tschechish, (for the Boii, who gave name to the country were driven out by the Marcomanni, and they in their turn by the Tschechens, from the shores of the Black Sea,) is a subdivision of the Sclavonic, being one of the three branches of the Sclavian stock. Being the first of the family which was scientifically cultivated, it is well worthy of attention, as well as on account of its diffusiveness, and its idiomatic peculiarities.

Its vocabulary is singularly rich in derivations, formed by inflexions, both at the beginning and end of the primitives, some having upwards of one hundred cognate words from one stock; and is rich also in the number of synonymous terms. The variation of the originals is effected in the simplest manner, single letters prefixed or affixed, often effecting the greatest possible amplification or contrast. Its combinations are formed with great facility, and it is thus well calculated to express all the different technicalities of the arts and sciences, from words derived from its own roots or compounded of them, with a perspicuity unknown in other languages.

The nouns in Tschechish, are of many declensions, and in almost all cases, terminate with a vowel, and while this fits them for combinations, it gives a smoothness and elasticity to the language. This is farther increased by the number and variety of the participles, which determining at once the quality of the thing, and the precise time without the intervention of relatives or prepositions, give ease, vigour and

roundness to the periods. Similar to the Greek in its compounds, it resembles it in patronymics and diminutives, and in the use of a dual number. Many of the Tschechish nouns imitate the object of the sound, and thus enforce with peculiar beauty the sense by the utterance. Equally subtle as the Greek in the structure of its verbs, it expresses with even greater facility, every gradation and shade of action and time; while it is free from those characteristic effemulators of modern languages—the auxiliaries. Its terminations being generally in vowels, or the softer consonants, while the proper mixture of consonants appears in the words, the Tschechish has a natural melody, and is distinguished like the Greek and Italian for its euphony. Were it a harsh language as some have imagined, the musicians of Bohemia, could never have held as they do, the second rank in Europe. Kluck, the instructor of the immortal Mozart, it will be recollected was a Bohemian.

The free, unrestrained construction of this language insures to it great flexibility, and enables a person to express with perspicuity and precision, different sentiments, in a style of gentleness or vigour, ease or abruptness suited to their varied character. The first period of Bohemian literature extends from the mythological era, to 1410. The oldest perfect specimen extant of the language is a hymn, by the second Bishop of Prague, nearly one hundred years, after the introduction of christianity, by Methodus and Cyril. It was sung on important state occasions by the whole people; and in the battle in which Bela was subdued in 1260, was shouted by the whole Bohemian army, so that the Hungarian horses were affrighted and driven back upon the infantry with disastrous effect. We subjoin it.

Hospodyne pomiluy ny.
Ihu Xpe pomiluy ny.

Lord! have mercy upon us.
Jesus Christ! have mercy upon us.

Ty spasse wsseho mira
Spasz ny y uslyss
Hospodyne hlassy nassyey.

Thou, Saviour of the whole world,
Save us, and listen,
Lord! to our voices.

Day nam wssyem hospodyne
Zzizn a mir wzemi
Kgles Krgles Krgles.*

Give us all, O Lord,
Plenteousness and peace on eaath.
Kyrie eleison.

The compositions of the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, have perished with the exceptions of a few scattered fragments. Mr. Hanka, keeper of the national museum, disco-

* One of the old Slavonian writers tells us, that the Bohemians turned the Kyrie eleison into good slavonic, by singing *Kri olsa* (meaning "the alder in the bushes,") thus ridiculing the christian priests.

vered in 1810, the remains of a collection of national songs without rhyme, amid a pile of old papers in the church of Koniginhof. The manuscript is dated 1290, but the poems belong to a much earlier period—for while the first Boleslaw appears to refer to a time greatly antecedent, the second poem, in inciting Udalrich to drive the Poles from Prague, plainly designates the year 1003, and Jaroslaw, the third, celebrates the victory over the Tartars, at Olmutz, in 1241. The collection of which these poems formed the 26th, 27th, and 28th chapters contained at least three books, and were probably destroyed by the Hussites, during the siege of Kralodworsky. We give the close of the Jaroslaw.

So they crowded round, and sought the chapel—
 “Lord! arouse thee in thy awful terrors!
 Lord! restore their country to the people;
 Lord! revive us from our wretched sorrows!
 Hear our voices calling on thee loudly—
 For our foes surround us—they surround us—
 Save us from the snare-pits of the heathen:
 Give us comfort, father! give refreshment—
 Long and loud shall be thy people’s praises;
 Chase the foes that waste our hapless country,
 And extirpate them, O God! for ever!”
 Look! a cloud upon the sultry heaven—
 Hark! the waking wind—the rolling thunder—
 Darkness—darkness all the sky is mantling;
 Lightning flashes fiercely ’midst the Tartars,
 And a copious rain fills every fountain.

Then the storm passed over—and the warriors
 Once again assembled—every district
 Sent its levies—and beneath their banners
 All the gathering tribes advanced on Olmutz;
 By their sides three mighty swords were hanging;
 Quivers full of arrows rustled loudly;
 On their heads they bore their polished helmets,
 And beneath them leap’d their proud war-horses.
 There were the awakening sounds of trumpets,
 Noise of kettle drums and martial music.
 So one army rushed upon the other—
 Then like clouds the moving dust ascended,
 And the fight was fiercer than the former.
 Noise—confusion—swords together clashing—
 Striking in the air of poisoned arrows,
 Crash of spears, and whiz of many missiles—
 Then was hewing down, and then was stabbing,
 Mournful wailings then, and loud rejoicings—
 Blood in streams flow’d forth like mountain-torrents,
 Corpses lay as trees when felled in forests,

Here a warrior's head that's cleft insunder,
 There a warrior's trunk, both arms dissever'd,
 There another flung from off his war-horse,
 Here, one stripp'd upon his foeman lying
 As a storm-rent tree upon the mountain;
 Here, a sword to heft in bosom buried,
 There, a Tartar hath an ear off-smitten.
 And what shoutings then and groans and curses!
 Yet again the christians are retreating,
 Yet again the Tartar-hosts pursuing:
 But the eagle, Jaroslaw, approaches;
 Harden'd steel is on the strongest bosom;
 Under it is wisdom's ready courage,
 'Neath his helm the lynx-eyed glance of hero,
 Glanced with all the glow of valour beaming—
 Lo! he storms, as storms the hungry lion,
 When he sees his destin'd prey approaching,
 Or when wounded turns on his pursuer,
 So Jaroslaw turn'd upon the Tartars—
 Like a hail-storm follow the Bohemians—
 And he sprung upon the son of Kublay—
 What a fearful, what a bloody struggle!
 Couching spear 'gainst spear—then eager thrusting,
 Each, as if to crush in dust the other.
 Then Jaroslaw on his valiant war-horse,
 Bath'd in blood, turn'd on the son of Kublay,
 And with dextrous push, his lance he planted
 In his shoulder till it reached his haunches,
 Lifeless on the grass he fell—his quiver
 Made a hollow sound which told his story:
 Then dismay'd they fled, the savage Tartars,
 Threw away their long-long pikes, and hurried—
 Hurried where they might, in search of safety;
 Hurried where the sun just starts at morning,
 So was Hana freed from Tartar-terrors.

We add two short poems from the collection.

Lo! a maid the hemp is weeding
 In her master's garden-ground,
 And a lark, towards her speeding,
 Sings, "Why look so sadly round?"
 "Well may I be said," she said,
 "Well be sad, thou gentle lark!
 They my lover have convey'd
 To yon castle-dungeon dark:
 Had I but a pen to write—
 Some sweet words of love I'd send him—
 Thou, kind lark! shouldst take thy flight,
 And with my kind thoughts attend him.
 But I have no pen to treat him
 With my love—so gentle bird!
 With thy softest music greet him,
 Music's most consoling word."

Och! wi lesi tmani lesi.

O ye forests! darksome forests,
 Forests deep of Miletin;
 Tell me why in summer—winter—
 Why are ye for ever green?
 Fain would I, my tears subduing,
 Cleanse my heart of griefs and cares,
 Yet, if tears bring consolation,
 Why should I subdue my tears?
 Where's my father—where's my father?
 Sleeping 'neath the church-yard stone:
 Where my mother—tender mother?
 Over her the grass has grown—
 I no brother have—nor sister—
 And my lover—he is gone!

Besides these, a Bohemian Psalter, the Lover's Complaint, the Apostolic Legend, satires, songs, and fables, belong to this period. Immediately following was a translation of the New Testament, by Balthasar, Dalmenil's History of Bohemia, in verse, a Latin and Bohemian vocabulary in Hexameters, Bregoma's History of Bohemia, and his translation of the travels of Sir John Mandeville. King Wenceslaw who was anxious as his father for the cultivation of the Bohemian language at this time, wrote his celebrated song of love, and as some of our readers may be pleased to know whether kings love like other people, we give it below.

Love calls me 'from my deeds of fame
 To his own sweeter service—I
 Summon each cherish'd maiden's name,
 And ask—to which my soul should fly,
 And seek with her a brighter glory
 Than ever fill'd the page of story.

But ill my service is repaid,
 For love has planted in my breast
 A pang that will not give me rest—
 Nor heeds the mischief he has made.

My senses are by passion driven,
 On to the very gates of heaven;
 Delight is handmaid to desire,
 My eyes are bright with sacred fire
 Whose rays out-pour'd upon my heart
 A sense of blessedness impart.

And then love strengthens while it grows,
 And transport's fountain overflows,
 My heart is like a stream of pleasure
 That knows no ebb and knows no measure,

Which love pours out in eager joy—
 Love—source of rapture—and annoy—
 To which I turn me fond and true,
 As opening roses to the dew.
 And then thy honied lips I kiss,
 O the unutterable bliss!
 No thought, no words, can compass this.

BUT sorrows hurry love away,
 And love retires—but sorrows stay—
 Wilt thou forgive me, Nina! say,
 If to my bosom's warmth I press
 Thy bright, sweet, dawning loveliness,
 Yet still with chaste desire—for thou
 To no licentious will would'st bow.

The establishment of a University at Prague, in 1348, at that time the most populous city of Germany, and distinguished for the splendour of its court, its wealth, and its rank in the arts and sciences, disseminated knowledge among all classes of the community, and elevated the Bohemia nation to an enviable pre-eminence. The diffusiveness of learning may be inferred from the testimony of Pope, *Æneas Sylvius*, who says, *Pudeat Italiae sacerdotes, quos semel ne quidem novam legem constat legisse, apud Taboritas vix mulierculam invenies quæ de novo Testamento et veteri nesciat respondere.*

Of the second period which extends from 1400 to 1500, John Huss is one of the most remarkable writers, whether we regard the subjects or the effects of his compositions, and his cruel fate is well calculated to throw around them a melancholy interest. Jerome flourished also at this time, and was a coadjutor of Huss, in some of his works, and like him fell a martyr to the fearless declaration of his religious faith.

It will be impossible to name all the works of this era, we will mention few writers in their respective departments. Huss, Jerome, Lupac, Rockycana, Koranda, Chelciky, Bohuslair, in divinity. Kabatnik, Lodkowic, Sasek, in travels. Prachatetzy, Gallus, Albjik, Chrislan, Cerny, Blowic, in medicine, astrology, and agriculture. P. Zidek, wrote a fine work upon civil polity. Prespole, the laws of mining which are so distinguished. Zizka of Trocnow, one of the most illustrious Generals in history, besides many poetical works, wrote the celebrated rules of war. Zizka, after the martyrdom of Huss and Jerome, was the leader of the Bohemian forces against their oppressors, and from his valour, intrepidity and stratagems has been called the Bohemian Annibal. The following hymn was composed by him, and was sung

by the whole Hussite army, before engaging battle. It is fierce and sanguinary, and tinctured with that ruthlessness which equally distinguished both contending parties.

Ye champions! who maintain
God's everlasting law,
Call on his name again,
And tow'rds his presence draw;
And soon your steady march your foes shall overawe.

Why should you faint or fear?
He shall preserve ye still;
Life, love—all—all that's dear
Yield to his holy will,
And he shall steel your hearts, and strengthen you 'gainst ill.

From Christ, a hundred fold
Of bliss ye shall receive;
For time—that soon is told—
Eternity he'll give;
And he that dies for truth immortally shall live.

Lift, then, your lances high,
Ye men of knightly word,
For valor shall supply
Meet weapons from her hoard,
And ye shall bravely fight, ye servants of the Lord.

Why should you dread the foe,
Tho' numerous they may be?
Will God desert ye? No!
For him, and with him, ye
Shall dissipate the base and boasting enemy.

Have ye not understood
Your ancient proverb—hear!
“Bohemians it is good,
“With a good Lord, to bear
“The flag of victory and its proud standard rear.”

Ye thieves, ye ravens, think
What perils round ye fly;
Ye stand upon the brink
Where fraud and avarice nigh,
Will fling ye to the abyss of night and misery.

Think—think while yet ye may,
And thinking—O retreat
From danger—while 'tis day;
O, thoughtless ones! 'tis meet
That he who slips should watch another's slippery feet.

Then to the bloody fight!
 Only one word—On! On!
 Your weapons—for the right—
 And God your trust alone;
 Smite, smite—let none be spared! let mercy be for none.

We give two short poems belonging to the same period of a very different character. The first is a Bacchanalian song of Wine *versus* Physic, in easy, graceful and flowing measure.

Full well the doctor knows—the doctor knows full well,
 That wine—that wine's the thing to work a miracle.

O would the doctor come and drink with us awhile;
 Soon would he shout for wine! and not for camomile!

I think our Latin cooks—if they would but confess,
 Would like our ruby wine—and leave their dirty mess,

'Tis wine—'tis wine that makes our understanding bright;
 That drives our flowing blood—and bids our hearts feel light,

And then, O brother mine! on light and joyous toe,
 How gaily to our homes, how merrily we go,

How passing fair the moon then rolls about our head,
 And whirls her silver wheel, and cheers us as we tread,

And then, and then, I say, while through the world I roam,
 'Tis wine, 'tis wine that makes the flowers of life to bloom.

The Beggar's song, is a jolly chant of the free-hearted wanderer, in genuine humour,

Up beggars! be joyful, for joy is our own,
 Our garments are raining, and bald is our crown—
 Beloved! want presses us—what shall we do?—
 Why, want is one woe—discontent would make two,

Let's in to the inn, tho' we stay but a minute,
 For the bottle looks mournful when nothing is in it;
 Legs weary—bags empty—and what shall we do?—
 Why—bearing one burthen—we need not make two,

On Friday we dine—from a half-empty pot—
 Sour broth—ragged bones—bread and water we've got;
 And fish?—without doubt—in the Danube—the sea,
 Which are fresher and sweeter than caught fish can be,

And Saturday comes—that's perplexing and rude—
 And Sunday—with hunger—but where is the food?
 We sit at the table—poor devils! to eat,
 Were the table but covered, our task would be sweet.

Our cooks are sad pigmies—they cannot be less;
 They needs must look small when they've nothing to dress—
 Can they carve from a fog—make of darkness a stew—
 Or turn a stag's ghost to a venison ragout?

The third period is called the golden age of Bohemian literature, and extends from 1500 to 1600. Printing presses had at this time become common. Prague had no less than eighteen, copies were thus easily multiplied—and taste for reading and for composition, improved in the midst of the tumults, confusion, and wars of the times. Some idea may be had of the extent of authorship when under Rodolph II. there existed one hundred and fifty writers. John Comenius alone wrote fifty-four works, some of which in his lifetime were translated into eleven different languages. His educational views attracted the attention of the Swedish government, and of the parliament of Great Britain. Of the poetry of this period little remains except the hymns that have been translated by Luther, which are excellent. The following poem is thought by some to have been written by Lomnický von Budec, poet-laureate. If so, he obtained the laurel through favouritism, or what is called the "golden age," must have been a "brazen one."

In the judge's court
 We fix the horses in their stall,
 And ask a gift from all.

Come, my mother, come!
 Let thy generous hand be seen,
 Pouring generous presents on the queen.

Many a present thou—
 Many a present thou shalt bring
 For the queen and for the king.

We will build a throne
 For the king, of precious stones,
 And of gold that's fit for thrones.

For the queen we'll build
 Thrones of peacock's feathers, dight,
 With the flowers of May-time bright.

Household mother! come,
To the king a friendly greeting,
Welcome to the queen repeating.

Generous offerings your's—
Baskets seven of eggs provide,
And three kops of groats beside.

The battle of the White Mountain in 1620, prostrated Bohemia. Ferdinand established the Catholic religion to the exclusion of all others, and the great body of the people, nobles, scholars, mechanics, artisans, teachers and husbandmen, went into exile.

The country now being under the sole and arbitrary power of the Catholics, all the books and manuscripts, the literary treasures of years, were forcibly taken from the people and burnt as heretical—of manuscripts alone, 60,000 were committed to the flames. From 1620 to 1674, the literature of Bohemia, was scarcely worthy of the name, and even the language fell into disuse. In 1774, the liberal and enlightened policy of Joseph II. introduced toleration—concealed writings came to light—the language was again cultivated, and scientific men and philologists, have since striven to raise the country to its pristine glory. Most of the poetry of this latter period, is a record of simple, domestic affections, the artless strains of quiet and humble life.

The maiden's song for the dead is tender and pathetic.

The very towers that time destroys,
Time may rebuild as built before;
But ruins of departed joys—
These can be rear'd to joy no more.

The forests which the axe hath laid
In dust may spring to life anew;
But—have the dying or the dead
A germ which spring can waken too?

My love is wrapped in mortal clay—
But were a granite bed his own,
With mine own nails I'd dig my way,
Through even the hardest granite-stone.

Ty hwez dicko tmawa, is equally touching.

Mournful star! in heaven's blue deep,
Tell a weeper, dost thou weep?
Dost thou weep o'er woes and fears—
Golden sparks should be thy tears,
If alive to sympathy.

Star of Melancholy! mourn,
 Light me for thy midnight urn;
 If some tale of sorrow swept
 By thee—often hast thou wept,
 Mournful starlet! weep with me!

The Panjmamo gede K namk, contains a very pretty idea, and is the more pleasing when we consider that it was written at an early age, when the art of writing was a rare accomplishment.

He comes! he comes! O see, mother! see!
 He comes in his splendid car;
 A feather behind his hat has he—
 Like an emperor from the war.

O see he has taken the feather'd pen,
 He has opened an unwrit scroll:
 Will he write my name—which again and again,
 He has written on his soul?

The marriage song affords a happy picture of simple innocence.

(When the bride has entered the wedding car, a small flag is waved over her, and the women sing)—

Beloved! how beautiful! beautiful! she
 More beautiful yet at the altar will be:
 “Then take me, dear youth!
 O take me, and see
 My beauty shall brighten in love and in truth.

“O take me—O take me—thy bride shall become
 The guardian—the mother, the charm of thy home;
 Will rise with the morn,
 Give the cattle their corn,
 And the spindle my hands shall ever adorn.”

It would seem the Bohemians also “have a passion for the name of Mary.”

I am a Bohemian maid,
 Blue-eyed, fair and airy;
 Would you know my name? my name
 Is no name but Mary.

What's to you if I have fled,
 Fled to love's embraces,
 Eaten hips of eglantine,
 Slept in thorny places.

What's to you, if I allow
 Youths of love to chatter;
 Let them rattle at my door,
 Surely 'tis no matter!

I will marry—wherefore talk—
 Wherefore talk, my mother;
 Am I yet a year too young?
 Must I wait another?

No! I'm young—and I am fair—
 Gay—blue-eyed and airy—
 Would you know the maiden's name,
 Sir! her name is Mary!

We come now to the restorers of Bohemian literature, those who have, by their researches to redeem from oblivion the literary glory of the past, and by their own compositions, given a new impulse to learning.

Foremost in the rank is Snaidr, who having devoted his early years to German compositions, by which he won a respectable fame, abandoned at an advanced age Teutonic literature for that of his own country. He celebrates this in what he calls his Swan-song, which certainly expresses in a fanciful manner his late devotion to his country's literature. We will not be disposed to accuse of him great modesty, however, in the selection of the name of his song.

Alas! that the Bohemian muse
 Should call so late upon the singer,
 When on the borders of the grave,
 A little while his footsteps linger.

She brings a wreath to deck my bier,
 When years all mortal hopes disperse,
 And beckons to detain me here,
 When evening shades grow thick forever.

His ballad entitled The Bell, is a beautiful versification of a popular legend, and in its construction, musical as the chimes of the belfry.

Come hither youths! and in your train,
 Your maidens bring:
 The old man o'er his hoary lyre,
 Old songs will sing.
 The spirits of departed days
 Again appear;
 And sounds re-echo'd from the past,
 Burst on his ear.

Near Hrub-Kozoged's village stream,
 An ancient well,
 Has held from immemorial time,
 A hidden bell.
 That bell is veiled from human eyes,
 For ever there;
 And never shall its voice again
 Summon to prayer.

Once—only once—in centuries gone,
 That awful bell
 Pour'd on an ancient woman's ear
 Its marvellous knell.
 She went to wash her flaxen threads
 In that old well—
 Her threads had bound the bell around,
 She shriek'd—and fell.

She shriek'd and fell—and long she lay
 In speechless dread—
 She dropp'd the threads, and dropp'd the bell,
 And frightened fled.
 And then the bell, with fearful sound,
 Sunk in the well;
 And hill and forest echo'd round
 Its fateful knell:
 "John, John! is for the greyhound gone."*

This refers to the circumstance of Kozoged's lord, giving his servant to a witch for the recovery of a favourite greyhound, but—

Five weeks had hardly glided by,
 So fast they glide,
 When the loved hound—so dearly bought,
 Died—aye, he died!
 His master, furious, tore his hair,
 And groaned with pain;
 Called on his hound, his John—he called
 And groaned again.

At last the gentle lapse of time
 Quietly stealing,
 Brought to his over-passioned heart
 Some human feeling.
 The cruel worm of conscience gnawed
 His breast within;
 And John's dim shadow seated there,
 Recalled the sin!

* Jan, Jan za chrta dan.—These words are intended to convey the sound of a bell.

"My John! my John!" he often cried,
 "Thou innocent!
 Thou, by the madness of thy lord,
 From life uprent:
 O bend thy head from highest heaven,
 If there thou live,
 And pitying him who pitied not—
 My crime forgive."

At length he reared a little church,
 To wash his guilt;
 And near, a belfry tower of wood,
 Repentant built.
 And there of purest silver hung
 A Sacred bell,
 Which daily—never ceasing—rang
 John's funeral knell.

But from the very earliest day,
 It struck that knell,
 The hearer's teeth all gnashed with fear;
 So terrible—
 So terrible its sound—so loud;
 No silver sound—
 But the church trembled at the noise,
 And all around—
 "John, John—is for the greyhound gone!"

Kozoged's lord was told the story,
 And bitter were the tears he shed;
 He doffed his robes of knightly glory,
 Tore all his honours from his head:
 A coarse, rough robe of hair-cloth made him,
 Which from that day unchanged he wore,
 Then to the wooden tower he sped him,
 To be the watchman of the tower.

And lo! his hand uplifted, seizeth
 The bell-rope—and begins to toll—
 No more the worm of conscience teazeth
 His half-emancipated soul.
 No more the bell those awful noises
 Pours—which so many hearts had riven;
 It sounds like angels' silver voices,
 When echoed through the courts of heaven.

One only vesper-knell was sounded,
 The aged watchman tolled no more:
 Death came—and there with peace surrounded,
 He sank upon the belfry floor:
 The frown upon his brow departed—
 Some gentle hand had chased the frown,
 And there he slumbered—peaceful-hearted,
 All guilt forgiven the guilty one.

And many, many ages passed away,
 Their gloomy shades o'er our Bohemia flinging,
 That church in melancholy ruins lay,
 The tower overturned—the bell had ceased its ringing:
 Yet when that church and tower in fragments fell,
 A heavenly angel, clad in light, appearing,
 Conveyed the silver relic to the well—
 Zizkians! that bell will toll not in your hearing.

From that same hour the crystal waters play
 Above the silver bell—in silence sleeping—
 There come the thirsty sheep-flocks, as they stray,
 And there the revellers of the chase are keeping
 Their court—that silver bell in deep repose
 Lies cold and voiceless ages without number;
 The ancient woman in the water throws
 Her flaxen threads—and wakes it from its slumber.

Forget not now, my children all,
 The silver bell:
 For here I end the song I sing,
 The tale I tell.
 To keep ye listening longer, were
 Nor kind, nor wise,
 For slumbers bend your weary head,
 And dim your eyes.

Yet ere you leave—one passing word,
 Our song may suit:
 O! trifle not a soul away
 Just for a brute.
 Bear sorrow's sting with fortitude,
 Whate'er befall;
 And, O be gentle, kind, and good
 To all—to all.

Now sleep in blessedness—till morn
 Brings its sweet light:
 And hear the awful voice of God
 Bid ye "Good night!"
 Yet ere the hand of slumber close,
 The eye of care,
 For the poor huntsman's soul's repose,
 Pour out one prayer.

There are some lines near the close that remind us of the Ancient Mariner,

"And O, be gentle kind and good,"
 To all—to all.

In the last stanza, the "Good-night" evidently refers to the custom of the people of the Alps, to which I referred in the caption of the "Alpine Horn."

We shall give another paper on Bohemian literature, as in this, the translations of Bowring.

THE ROYAL PROFESSOR.

We grant altho' he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it.
Beside 'tis known he could speak Greek,
As naturally as pigs squeak:
That Latin was no more difficult
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.
He was in logic a great critick,
Profoundly skilled in analytick.
For Rhetorick, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.
In Mathematicks he was greater
Than Tycho Brake or Eira Pater;
For he by geometrick scale
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight,
And wisely tell, what hour of the day
The clock does strike, by Algebra.

HUDIBRAS.

SOME persons think that all mankind are born with mental capacities alike. How preposterous the idea! that, when the mass of inert matter is wrought into innumerable diverse forms, and when animated existence appears under every specification of colour, figure and energy, that immaterial and divine essence, the mind, should exist in all rational beings exactly the same, evincing no modification and discovering itself in but one development; and that all the grades of intelligence are purely adventitious—the effects of circumstance, education and observation.

Consult Nature! Behold the great hierarch of day, eldest of the suns of light when God said, 'Let light be, and light was,' and then contemplate the pale star that gems the coronal of night—from the mountain, whose proud head o'ertops the clouds, turn to the lowly plain and more lowly valley—from the lion-hearted sea, whose roar is heard around the globe, turn to the purling rivulet—from the unwieldy Kraken of the North to the sportive shrimp—from the elephant, beneath whose tread the earth quakes, to the chirping grasshopper—from the soaring condor, that cleaves the storm-cloud, to the tiny midge that quivers, like a moth, in the sunbeam—from the mountain oak to the pliant ozier—from the blazing diamond to the dull and opaque sand-stone, and by analogy of

reason, as you run through the different *genera* and *species*, and the innumerable shades of variety in the same species, you must come to the irresistible conclusion, that the Creator has specified in man every grade of intelligence,—diversified by various degrees of power, brilliance and energy—the majestic intellect that is calculated to grasp the universe—the patient investigating mind, slow yet successful in inquiry—the penetrating mind that, like a sunbeam, at a glance comprehends truth—and the dull, opaque mind, that neither has light of itself nor can reflect the light of others.

But without any process of reasoning, observation must establish the fact, that there is an infinite disparity in the minds of different individuals; for many, possessed of every facility for expanding their intellects and devoting their days and nights to unremitting study, are never able to attain to distinction: while others, not enjoying like advantages and bestowing less attention, rise to eminence and obtain an enviable fame among men. And this difference of mental ability is alike obvious, whether we look at the great *arena* of intellect, the world, where often by mere mental energy, the obscure hind has risen above nobility itself, to sway the rod of empire—or, at the *cradle* of intellect, the gymnasium, where the careless and erratic, though gifted son of genius, bears away the scholastic prize from the dull and plodding student.

But to our story. And now smile not, gentle reader, when you find the above philosophical reflections designed as an introduction to the ‘short and simple annals of the poor;’ for one of the principal *personæ dramatis* of our story, though munificently endowed with the riches of the understanding, was poor in outward circumstances. Clara Lawson was the daughter of humble and obscure parents. Her mother was a native of New York, and, after a short acquaintance, married an Englishman, greatly her senior in years, who, after living with her about three years, converted what moveables she had into money, and abandoning his wife and infant daughter to the charities of the world, embarked for New Orleans, where he fell a victim to the diseases of the climate and his own licentiousness.

Clara’s mother thus stripped of every thing, had no friends to whom she could apply, but was dependent upon her own exertions for a precarious subsistence. The occupation which she adopted was that of a washerwoman; and, although her earnings were small, she was enabled by a strict economy to provide for herself and child fare sufficient, though homely, and procure comfortable attire, though of the coarsest fabric. Time passed on, and she was generally known throughout

the city as the ‘melancholy washerwoman with the pretty child;’ for from the hands of no other did the linen come as purely white, or the frill or ruffle as neatly plaited. And never was any epithet better applied than the above to Clara and her mother; for the face of the one was motionless as the sea of oblivion, while that of her child was like a rivulet flashing in sunlight and dimpled by the soft fingers of every zephyr.

The melancholy of Mrs. Lawson had nothing in it of dissatisfaction with outward circumstances, or of repining at labour to which her constitution was unequal—it was the deep settled gloom of a mind where the sun of hope had ceased to shine—of a heart whose warm feelings unkindness had congealed. She was young and ardent, and attributing to her suitor excellencies that, in him, had only an imaginary existence, gave her hand to him with all the devotedness of woman’s first love; and when the clouds of error were dissipated, and the creations of fancy gave way to painful truth; in the midst of unkindness she endeavoured to ‘hope against hope;’ and even when he had abandoned her and her infant, continued to cherish the recollection of him who had won her early affections; as the ivy enfolds the ruined, rotten trunk of its early embrace. Her bruised spirit would have sunk beneath the pressure of sorrow, but maternal love nerved up her strength, and enabled her to make exertions for her child that she could not have made for herself. Often when she would have fainted over her wash-tub with fatigue, the sight of Clara, as she sported over the green with a countenance like an angel, inspirited her, or her innocent laugh as her little arms plashed in the water playing with the soap-bubbles, or her soft voice as she hummed the infant hymns her mother had learned her.

Modest merit is unobtrusive of its griefs and is permitted to suffer, while forwardness is hearkened to and relieved from its very importunity. Although the thin form of the heart-broken woman for four years was seen gliding like a spectre along the streets, during the week, laden with the clothes of her daily toil, and her little child with piles of linen, over which her bright locks fell in ringlets like sunbeams on flakes of snow; and although every Sabbath they occupied the same humble seat at church, no one had inquired into their destitute condition, nor had endeavoured to put them into a way of earning a livelihood more suited to the mother’s failing strength. ‘The melancholy washerwoman and her pretty child’ came from the lips of many, as before, but was a sentiment of the lips, in which the heart

had no share. It created no charitable desire to cheer the melancholy of the one, or shield the frail, unprotected beauty of the other from the hardships and snares of an evil world.

Paler grew her cheek, slower the step, and more stooped the figure of the lone daughter of sorrow, yet with her wasted hands, worn through the skin by attrition, she continued late and early to ply her accustomed labour, while deeper and deeper shadows spread over her countenance—the dull twilight of life darkening into the night of death.

It was a morning in May; the sky was flushed with the rosy tints of the rising sun; and the hum of the distant city; with the gush of waters and the song of birds, came like the music of enchantment on the fresh air, scented with the breath of the flowers of spring. Every thing around smiled in the beauty and peacefulness of Eden. Deeply did Mr. Letour and his warm-hearted lady drink the influence of all that surrounded them: for the virtuous and charitable alone are calculated to enjoy the calm beauties of nature. They had risen earlier than usual, had continued their walk beyond the precincts of the city, until they came to the humble suburban habitations of the poor. The sun had not risen, yet the smoke was curling up among the clustering boughs of the weeping-willows from the fire in the open air, where, beside the spring, the slender form of the washerwoman bent over her daily task. They had often marked the sorrowful countenance of the deserted woman as she and her little daughter took away weekly and returned the clothes which they gave her; but the peculiar hardness of her fate had not presented itself to them until, in their morning ramble, they saw the unmitigated toil to which she was subject, and contrasted her cheerless poverty and wakeful labours with the extravagant and indolent day-slumbers of the wealthy. If the luxurious inhabitants of the city would give to morning exercise the hours they waste in feverish sleep, and witness the hardships and the toils which the poor, late and early, have to undergo for a scanty subsistence, how often would pride and haughtiness learn a lesson of humility—how often would avarice listen to the dictates of charity, and the glow of benevolence expand the breast that wraps itself up in its own narrow interest.

As they approached the humble cottage, the cries of a child, from the thick bower of willows, arrested their attention. They proceeded hastily to the spot from which the noise came. The water was bubbling in cauldrons over a brisk fire—confused heaps of dry clothes dotted the green grass over, like islands—there lay masses that had already

been washed, in twisted rolls piled together—there stood the tub with its contents from which the excited bubbles had scarcely disappeared, and beside it lay extended the washer-woman, as she had sunk down from exhaustion—pale, motionless, stiffening in death. Beside the corpse was her little child, with her face buried in her arms, weeping aloud. In the firm grasp of the dead was a crumpled letter that she had received that morning, which told the story of her woes. It bore the post-mark of New Orleans. The letter was from her husband, and was full of touching penitence for the manner in which he had behaved to her, and entreaties for her forgivness. The conclusion was by another person that gave an account of his death. Labour and ill health had reduced her form to a mere skeleton—hope, 'the oil of life, was extinct, and the sudden excitement had quenched the feeble light of existence, as the gentlest breeze extinguishes the dying snuff that flickers in the socket. Restoratives were resorted to, but in vain—the sufferer had reached that peaceful clime where the 'weary are at rest.' The dead was committed to the tomb, and her orphan child found a home in the family of the charitable Letour.

Clara was now in her eighth year, and was taken by Mrs. Letour into her nursery to assist in taking care of her young children. She had received from her mother some elementary instruction, and was able to read with considerable ease. Madame Letour had been educated in Paris, and was a woman of handsome acquirements, having, besides a knowledge of the modern languages of Europe, an acquaintance with the ancient classics, together with the belles-lettres. She spent the half of each day in the nursery with her children, instructing them. The sprightliness and good sense of Clara soon attracted her notice; she made her a pupil with the class of her own daughters, and in the different studies to which she directed her attention was pleased to see her make astonishing progress. During five years Clara continued in the family, doing service half the day, and devoting the residue to study, and in that time obtained an education such as few young ladies had then an opportunity of getting. She was tall and well grown for her age, and her countenance was ever lit up by intelligence and cheerfulness. If she had any faults they were those of excessive energy of character, and of her mixing with the world in her infancy; a confidence bordering on forwardness; a lively perception of the ludicrous, and a keenness of wit and satire that, while it excited wonder, created fear.

About this time, a certain Miss Margarett Lawson, an antiquated maiden lady on the wrong side of fifty, the eldest and only surviving sister of Clara's father, came over from England. She found out her interesting niece in New York, and took her to reside with her in one of the little villages in the western part of the State, which for sake of convenience, we will call Bloomingville. How much soever Miss Margarett might resemble her brother in features and national prejudices, she certainly had nothing of his extravagance—for a more sparing housewife never lived: and, by a rigid stinting of table and wardrobe, she had not only kept unbroken the principal of a small bequest made to her in her more girlish days, but had laid up also some guineas of the interest. Some few dresses of coarse grey stuff, comprised all her everyday wearing apparel—while a rusty silk gown, venerable enough in cut and colour to have belonged to her great-grandmother, with a black silk-hooded mantilla, made up her dress of state for extraordinary occasions.

Four years passed away in the village of Bloomingville, and Clara had grown up to womanhood, and a beautiful and interesting girl she was, truly—yet she seemed a flower destined to “waste its sweetness on the desert air!” for her high-toned sentiments and mental acquisitions were ill understood by the inhabitants of the village in which she lived, who were noted for a plainness and simplicity bordering on stupidity. Reader, take an example, and “*ex uno discere omnes.*” Shortly after Clara came to Bloomingville, she asked one of the rustic beaux of the place if he liked novels. “Novels! Novels!” responded the interrogated, “can't say, for I never eat any, but I'll tell you what, I'm tremendous at a young 'possum.” The reader, no doubt has met with this anecdote twenty times; but as there is the same interest in determining the place of origin of a good story, as of fixing the birth place of a great man, I am sure he will feel indebted to me for establishing its locality, although it is not likely that as many cities will strive for the honour as contended for the glory of giving birth to Homer. The school-master of the place, a tall handsome personage of twenty-four, was the only one, in any degree, able to appreciate Clara's abilities: yet Reading, Writing, and a limited knowledge of figures, Grammar and Geography, were the radius that described the *cyclopædia* of his lore. The slight pretensions which Herman Lincoln had to learning, established something like a community of feeling between them, which soon grew into a warm attachment.

I hope my readers will not hastily conclude to despise my humble hero of the birchen-rod—but will recollect that, in

1800, (to which date the above history belongs,) the village schoolmaster who could read Dilworth's Spelling Book and the Psalter, and cypher through Gough's Arithmetic, was no inconsiderable person—and if, in addition to these, he had a smattering of Grammar and Geography, and could survey and plot a field, was set down as a prodigy. To resume, however, Herman certainly was the only one of any intelligence or reading in the place, and he had drawn upon himself the envy of the young rustics, on account of supplanting them in the affections of the village belle, though their envy had nothing of bitterness in it, for he had grown up among them, and his amiable disposition prevented any feeling of the kind.

The months of July and August were a busy season;—and, as the youngsters were too much engaged in harvesting to attend to books, Herman took advantage of the recess of school to visit the West, where he had some friends. Clara found the village rather duller than usual, after he had gone, and availed herself of his absence to pay a visit to the friend of her childhood, Madame Letour, in New York. She was received with the greatest kindness by her benefactress; and, after spending seven or eight weeks in a very delightful manner, returned home, bearing many little presents that she had received,—and, among others, all the necessary cosmetics, perfumes, powders, &c. &c. for a fashionable toilet. These, to be sure, were not needed to deck Clara's peerless beauty; but Madame Letour was a French woman, (which is another name for *rouge*,) and delighted in perfumes; and human nature is so constituted, that, in making presents, our self-love often induces us to present what we prize, without consulting the taste or the circumstances of others.

Important changes often occur in the space of a few weeks. During Clara's short absence, revolutions to her highly important had taken place in the small village of Bloomingville. The sun was nearly set, as the stage rolled in sight of the place. The eyes of the maiden were directed to the elm trees, through which a glimpse was caught of the school-house. The door opened. The swarm poured forth, with laugh and song, and merry shout, and hats and bonnets tossed in air. And now the maiden's heart fluttered, and the colour came and went on her delicate cheek—and now she caught the glimpse of her—could it be?—her own Herman. The figure emerged from the shade. It was not the tall manly form of her lover, but stood in the light, in outline, more like a short, thick sack of wool, than a human being. But was he the teacher? Was there no other person in the room? Did not that small white-washed log cabin of twenty feet by twelve, contain one of

more estimation, in her view, than all the opulent proprietors of the princely piles of brick and marble that she had seen in New York? No! The locking of the door—the bundle of books under his arm, and the pompous, philosophical strut of the stranger dispelled all her hopes, and left but little more to doubt or fear. Her lover was dead, dismissed, or had removed forever—a fresh instance of the inconstancy of mankind—even a parting farewell unsaid.

As she came near, a group of children who were behind the rest, and who seemed to be particularly intent on their books as they walked along, confused voices reached her, like the hum of bees; and presently she could distinguish *hic, hæc, hoc, hujus, hujus, hujus—bonus, bona, bonum, boni, bonæ, boni—spero, speras, sperat, speramus, speratis, sperant, &c.* but *O tempora! O mores!* such pronunciation—such barbarous Latin had never been heard since the days of Romulus! I should mention that the inhabitants of Bloomingville were a mixed population. There was the deep guttural accent of the German, the broad Irish, and the stammering American mouthing Latin. The sounds, mingled together, were like the confusion of Babel, or the yell of triple-headed Cerberus himself. It was past all doubt. They had a new master, and a linguist.

Clara entered the house with a melancholy heart. Scarcely had she embraced Aunt Margaretté, before the old lady, in breathless haste, informed her that "they had gotten rid of that fool of a fop, Lincoln, what knew nothink at all, and had gotten in his place an English gentleman, a royal prophesier of all kinds of larnen—what knew every thing. Lincoln writ on that he was sick, in delicate health, and expected to come as soon as he got well: but you see, Clara dear! they warn't going to wait, but took the royal prophesier." Clara could scarcely refrain from tears—yet indignation at the manner in which Lincoln had been treated, and irritation at the language of her aunt, gave her energy, and she replied to her aunt in a warm manner, "Professor, I presume you mean, aunt!—and, as the gentleman professes every thing, I would *prophesy* that he knows nothing. I suppose that he is some boasting *block-head* that has come to this country to prevent his *head* from being brought to the *block*. He is certainly no gentleman to undermine another, especially while he is confined to a bed of sickness. I cannot see why people should be so foolish as to drive from among them those they know, and take in strangers, about whose talents and morals they know nothing, as if no one had any brains or worth, unless he came from over the sea."

"And why arn't it so, Miss? Don't the choice of every thing come over the sea—wines and silks and the like, and why hain't folks there more brains too? Ar'n't they more 'lightened?'

"Why, as to that, I can't say," replied Clara; "but, if they have more brains over the sea, most persons take care to have their heads *lightened* of a large portion—for I generally find them as addle-pated as you seem to think the Americans."

Clara here perceived a tremendous cloud on Aunt Margarrette's brow, and hastened to escape from the torrent of abuse that followed; but, as she tripped up stairs to her room, she heard repeated the words—'impudent—fool—and personal 'flections.'

The next morning Clara was confirmed 'that she was correct in the estimate which she had made of the Professor's abilities, by the perusal of the following card, which her aunt produced :

"A Card.—Henry Hardigan, Royal Professor from London, where he has taught several of the princes of the blood and nobility, announces to the public that he has taken the Academy in the village of Bloomingville, where he will teach the following branches: Orthography, Kaligraphy, Brachygraphy, Reading and Geography, Numerics, Optics, Katoptrics, Hydrostatics and Pneumatics, Algebra, Fluxions, and Saxeopontine Constructions, the Mathematics analytically, synthetically and geometrically, Demonology, Psychology and Mythology, Ontology and Dontology. Also, all the ancient and modern Languages, together with whatever is comprehended in the most extended cycle of the cyclopedia of art and science. Great attention paid to the morals of the pupils, and the most polite perfections and genuflections of the finished courtier instilled. Terms moderate."

It was true, the faithful services of young Lincoln were forgotten. Parents were anxious to procure for their children the blessings of an education which they had not themselves; and, with a pitiable credulity, which is still an American characteristic, exalted a foreigner over one identified with their own interests and honour. The Royal Professor was engaged, and the inhabitants of the village of Bloomingville expected the goddess of Wisdom to break a shower of knowledge over the place, as Jupiter had formerly done a shower of gold over the Rhodians. Plain English and useful knowledge were eschewed—and to please the importunity of the children—to pay proper respect to the teacher, whose dignity might not brook plain learning so well, and, furthermore, to gratify the foolish vanity of parents—boys who could not tell the difference between the centre and the circumference, or dis-

tinguish a noun from an interjection, were forthwith put into Latin. The children were delighted with the change—the change of teachers, and the change of lessons. Each one looked with contempt on his former studies and the teacher who superintended them; and looked forward to the period when they should become *royal professors* themselves, and have *royal* times of it, and take very Parnassus by storm.

Time passed on, and the inhabitants of Bloomingville congratulated themselves on having secured the services of so eminent a Professor. He was regarded as the greatest philosopher of the age. He not only understood all the discoveries made since the flood, but made some himself, with which he contemplated soon to astound the natives—not of our humble, little village, but of the world. He had also formed very long and learned theories, which were exceedingly mystified, and so the people did not understand them. This, however, was a proof of the correctness of the theories, as any which they would have understood, could not have been correct. Of these theories, I will cite one of the shortest and most plain, that my readers may judge of the deep sagacity of the Professor's inquiries into the nature of truth.

That the days are longer in summer than in winter, is a natural fact—that all bodies expand with heat, and contract with cold, is a natural law—that the days in summer are expanded by the heat, and the days in winter contracted by the cold is a natural inference. Was there ever a deduction more natural? The above was the theme of one of the Professor's lectures, delivered in the school-room a few evenings after he had come to the village: and, after detailing some interesting experiments which he and his young friend, Lord Stanhope had made in London with a *theometer*—an instrument which, the Professor said, gave the *condensification* and *rarisfaction* of heat: to determine the phenomena of the long days in summer, and also some experiments which he and Earl Musgrave had made, with a *spyrometer*—an instrument that shows the radiation of *cold*, to explain the phenomena of the short days in winter, he was enabled to demonstrate the truth of the above law and inferences to the entire satisfaction of his astonished auditors.

He boarded at the village-tavern, and lodged in the upper room of the school, which was a building of a story and a-half: and here, late at night, when every light in the village was extinguished, would be seen the gleam of Professor Hardigan's lamp. He was polite enough to drop in of an evening, and see his neighbours for a few minutes: but such, he said, were his studious habits, that he enjoyed social intercourse

as the dessert of life, but hard, abstruse study as the substantial meat. At first he called on his friend and country-woman, Mrs. Margaret Lawson, almost every evening; but, after Clara's return, his visits were more seldom, and less lengthy—which was strange, as the intelligent like to mingle with those of kindred spirit; and certainly she was the best fitted to comprehend and enjoy the Professor's profound erudition. When he did visit her aunt, Clara used her ingenuity to draw him out on particular subjects, that she might sift his pretensions somewhat; but aunt Margarett and the Professor were both so fond of talking, that she could scarcely edge in a word at all, much less enter into a thorough unravelling;—besides, when she had an opportunity, she was afraid to proceed very far, lest she might offend the gentleman, and provoke the ire of her aunt, who had not sufficiently studied Blair, to have, in her rhetoric, proper regard to the decorums of time and place, when in a wrathful mood.

In addition to his voluminous reading, Professor Hardigan devoted much of his time to astronomical observations, and had converted the window seat of his attic dormant into an observatory. Here he sat of evenings, with several lamps around him, and with arms bent like an Indian bow, supported a small tube directed towards the stars. From many a window in the village, were turned the eyes of sire and son, to the star-gazing man of science, as they thought upon the stupendous discoveries likely to be made—and all by the teacher of their school too—'twas overwhelming to think of. True, the tube was a very small one: but by some discoveries which the Professor had made *in optics*, he had so improved it, as to bring the moon sufficiently near to enable him to hear the roar of its sea. That the instrument was a good one, may be inferred from the fact, that by nice calculations made with it, assisted by a good *almanac*, he had actually come within five minutes of the time of an eclipse, by the landlord's watch. In addition to a valuable philosophical apparatus, contained in a large chest, he received from Albany, shortly after his coming to the village of Bloomingville, a box containing philosophical instruments, to be used with his telescope when looking from his observatory. These instruments were a present from the Astronomical Society of London, on account of some discoveries which he had communicated some time before his leaving England. The instruments were put into the *sanctum* of his attic bed-chamber, whither no one had access—not even to make his bed, and so the anticipated pleasure of seeing them was lost.

A slight accident, however, happened in the using of the above philosophical instruments jointly with his telescope, which, perhaps, may be of some interest to my readers. The astronomer had mounted his observatory as usual, and commenced his starry speculations. He was in the habit, generally, of muttering to himself while so engaged;—but, this evening, he was more boisterous than ever. One of the villagers, who was curious in astronomical matters, had gone to the school-room for the purpose of hearing, if possible, what the philosopher was saying. The villager was a simple-hearted man, and had heard that wicked men, by magical incantations to the stars, had wrought much mischief; and it was not clear to him, that the strange conduct of the schoolman, had good in it. He placed his back against one of the elms, and continued to witness the behaviour of Professor Hardigan, and listen to his singular language, until he fell asleep. The astronomer meanwhile continued his speculations, until his large head and shoulders declined rather much from a perpendicular—he lost his centre of gravity—his centrifugal force overcame the centripetal—there was a crash of the dormant-window-seat observatory, and the rattling of chains and telescope—the burning lamps fell on the head and breast of the affrighted star-gazer, setting fire to his gorgeous ruffles and his greasy bushy head,—and, Phaeton-like, he was hurled towards the earth, "*flamma rutilos populante capillos.*" The noise awakened the sleeping villager; —and, opening his eyes he looked up with consternation. He had not time to move his limbs—but the action of the mind is quicker than that of the body. As the fiery meteor descended, he recollect ed that Hardigan had said he had often drawn down the moon; and the idea presented itself, that he had *now* drawn down a star—or, remembering that the Professor dealt in astrology, he thought he had drawn down the devil upon him; and the next instant he thought just nothing at all—for the astronomer's large bony head struck his, fairly knocking out his senses, and both lay extended on the ground. The attic dormant was dim, for the observer, like the lost Pleiad, had vanished from his place. When the *royal* professor was taken up to his dormitory, he exhibited every appearance of being *royally* drunk; and the fumes of his breath rather bore testimony against him: but yet it was hard to judge rashly, for he had never been known to purchase a glass of drink of Mr. Krause during the time he boarded at the tavern. The key was left, however, a few days after in the door which led into the upper apartment, and as boys will be prying into mysteries, they endeavoured to get a peep into the box of philosophical

instruments from Albany, and, on looking in, discovered two kegs, neatly packed, which, to credit the evidence of the olfactory nerves, contained brandy. But, says one of the little boys, more considerate than the rest, "Well! what if it is brandy? May it not be one of the transparent *media* that the professor tells us about, through which he contemplates the moon?" Who knows that the simple youth was not right?

We will now turn our attention to another person, of whom we have lost sight for some time. Herman Lincoln returned, but ere he had reached the village, rumour apprised him of the sad reverses that had befallen him—the loss of his school, and, worse than that, of the loss of his sweet-heart; for it was also reported that Professor Hardigan was unremitting in his attentions to Clara; and cold must have been the heart that could have resisted the soft rhetoric of so learned a man. Lincoln was still in feeble health, and this intelligence was any thing else than a balsam. He was disposed to be a little jealous, and could now readily credit the faithlessness of Clara, since his patrons had cast him off.

The parents, in fact, were ashamed to see him after the manner in which they had treated him, but the children had all their former regard awakened at the sight of one who had always treated them with so much kindness. They fared differently now; for the professor's bony knuckles, like a bag of marbles, were continually rattling about their little republican heads. This they and their parents considered a violation of their reserved rights; for while they left all that extensive territory from the *collar vertebrae* on the north to the ankles on the south, to the full sweep of the rod of empire, they constituted all the more northerly regions a free territory. However, as Latin was a good thing, the parents allowed that it was to be gotten at the expense of—a little suffering in the flesh. Children thought differently, and would greatly have preferred conning their simple multiplication-tables, which they could understand, to being beaten with the royal professor's sceptre, a huge hickory, through Latin, of which they could understand nothing.

He appeared to copy after the Indian orators, who distribute rods among their auditors at successive paragraphs to assist the memory; for no sooner had he finished any explanatory remarks to his class than he endeavoured to afford *mnemonika* to all and sundry by a most liberal distribution of the rod.

But what of Clara? Was she pleased with the attentions of the Englishman which had become so frequent? Had the

solicitations of aunt Margarett disposed her to listen to his addresses? Could she so soon forget the object of her early affections? Frailty! thy name is woman. Herman's lynx-eyed jealousy discovered from her conversation a real or pretended preference for his rival. If real, it was most ungrateful—if pretended, cruel. Clara Lawson was a volatile girl—volatile girls are often fickle—sometimes mischievous. But more anon.

The village of Bloomingville was a healthy place, and did not much require the services of a physician; yet Dr. Grayson, a young licentiate, rather a disciple of Momus than *Æsculapius*, selected it as the scene where he was to study medicine and practise—jokes. He was the soul of fun and frolic. His liveliness and intelligence could not fail to render him agreeable to Clara—here was another rival more formidable than the professor. Herman was unhappy; he had lost his school; Clara had ceased to love him, or had so little regard for him as to take delight in teasing him and keeping him in suspense. He determined upon arranging his affairs and forever leaving a place where he had been treated with so much ingratitude and injustice.

Halloween is a time of festivity, of fun and frolic, of cake-making and nut-cracking. In 1800 it was a more joyous season than it is now—for modern refinement has either obliterated or lessened the good old customs of our forefathers. The inhabitants of the village of Bloomingville could not be without their share of sport; and there was to be a merry-making—Will you believe it, reader?—at aunt Margarett's. Yes, that sparing, stinting housewife, after great importunity from her niece, had resolved to give a feast to others, though she should fast herself afterwards sufficiently to make it up. Yet a part of the guests, at least, were not to go scot-free, for the old lady contemplated on making them sew to the amount of the entertainment; so a quilting was determined upon—that best of merry-makings of the olden time.

“Why, Clara!” said aunt Margarett, entering the room, “You astonish me! Not dressed yet! Why, *railly* now, Clara! with your milk-of-roses, your *co-log-ne*, and your pearl-powder, you'll take up half the evening at your *toilet*, as you call it—and a toil you make of it now to be sure. I wish you would stir yourself and get ready. You know I must be in the kitchen at the cake, and no one will be ready to receive the *gals* as they *comes* in. Besides, I want you to mark out the diamonds of the quilt before they come, that as little time as possible may be lost. I dare say, with their giggling

and laughing, they'll not do much, no how. Come, child! haste!"

"Yes, aunt," said Clara, "I am in haste; but we are to have the gentlemen, you know, and I want to be a *little* particular."

"Yes, that's well enough," says her aunt; "but I don't think you need be *very* particular, for I can tell you the Professor is over ears in love, already."

"Well, aunt," said Clara, with a laugh, "that is not very deep, to be over the ears of such a duck-legged mannikin."

"But he *is* in love *very deep*," resumed aunt Margarette, "and let me tell you, Clara! he is an Englishman, and hates the French and all their fooleries, as I do myself—he'll like you none the better for being powdered and perfumed over. Confound that French woman, for turning your head with such nonsense."

Her niece was irritated at the disrespectful language used respecting one to whom she owed so much, and replied readily—

"Suppose I was to tell you, aunt! that I am an *American*, and hate the English and all *their* fooleries?" and the arch little maiden, with a roguish smile, continued to twirl the long golden tresses through her fingers, while her graceful neck assumed every variety of attitude, as she studied her looks in the old-fashioned mirror that rested on the bureau, by the side of which she was sitting. Aunt Margarette's countenance, which was cheerful, became serious. She could not tell whether her niece was in earnest or in jest. A cloud began to rise on her brow—the precursor of a storm—and a storm with aunt Margarette was no small affair. It was a real hurricane—a tornado of passion. She informed her niece that the Professor contemplated making a formal tender of his hand to her; and then opening the bureau, she showed Clara a large amount of gold in a secret drawer, and informed her, that the reception of that, at her death, depended upon her listening to the addresses of Professor Hardigan. Of all rhetoric the silent eloquence of cash is most persuasive. Yet Clara had a head and a heart on which nature had stamped freedom—she was not to be moved by aunt Margarette's gold. A smile at her aunt's earnestness, and a laugh at the Professor's expense, tended to excite our irritable dame of the black silk hood. Clara was sarcastic—her aunt became abusive. I will not repeat what passed. Suffice it to say, that aunt Margarette was furious, and gave unrestrained vent to her madness in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." She attributed all the mischief to

the airs which that "vile French woman" had put into her niece's head and seizing up the *paraphernalia* of the toilet, cosmetics, perfumes, &c. &c., hurled them over the house. Never was a room scented better with cologne or a young lady whitened with powder.

How great is a calm after a storm. Aunt Margarett sat in the room with a countenance brightened with cheerfulness, enjoying the conversation of the evening. Only one thing was wanting to make her happiness complete—the presence of her countryman, Mr. Hardigan. Ever and anon she went to the window to look out for his advent. She desired his coming ardently, for she thought Dr. Grayson appeared to engross too much of Clara's conversation. Herman Lincoln thought so too, and so did many of the rustic *beaux* who were assembled on the occasion. Presently the sound of footsteps was heard along the rude pavement, like the roll of a drum, and the royal Professor was descried moving along, puffing and blowing like a steamboat. That he was a man of great impetuosity might be gathered even from his walk.

He came drivng on at a tremendous rate, and as he entered the door with vehemence, and was about taking, aunt Margarett's extended hand, the toe of his boot stuck in the carpet, and his head drove against the ribs of the old lady with the force of a battering ram, knocking her against the door.

Clara said something to Dr. Grayson about "polite perfections and genuflections" which caused a titter. "Plague take the fellow's head," said a rustic beau to the tavern-keeper's daughter, "he nearly knocked daddy's brains out the other night, at the school-house." Here was a general burst of laughter.

When the Professor entered the room he was the 'observed of all observers.' Reader! would you see him? Well, then, fancy to yourself a low, square-built man, five feet high and six feet thick, cased in grey stockings, black breeches that fitted as tight as the skin, and an old claret-coloured coat, dotted over with metal buttons as large as a crownpiece. But you would hear of the features. I will particularize. The head was large enough to have suited a statue of Atlas, and was covered over with long, bushy hair of the deepest red. The brow was low and wrinkled, and—strange to say!—had nothing philosophical about it. The mouth had an expression of—openness, say three inches and a half. The eyes were large and protruded, between a blue and a green, and had that appearance of inflammation which generally is the effect of nocturnal lucubration. But the most prominent

feature has not yet been described. His nose—Shade of Ovidius Naso! behold yourself surpassed!—his nose, I say, from the plain of the *plainest* face in christendom, towered up, like Mount *Ætna*, huge and undulating, and like Mount *Ætna*, red and fiery at the *apex*. And, what is unusual, his nose bore a conspicuous part in conversation, for it warmed with his animation, and by sundry twitchings and gestures seemed to second the force of his arguments. Such were the figure and features of Professor Hardigan, as they appeared to Dr. Grayson, who was a caricaturist, and to Herman Lincoln, who was a jealous man. They may possibly be a little overstrained.

The Professor had been *peripatetically* engaged, as he classically expressed it. It was one of those, very warm evenings which will sometimes happen in Indian summer, and exercise had heated him. He felt oppressed, and scarcely had he taken his seat between Clara and Dr. Grayson, and found time, after his introduction, to inquire of the latter at what college he had graduated, when he so far forgot the proprieties of courtly etiquette, which he professed to teach others, as to pull off his claret-coloured coat and throw it upon the bed which stood in one corner of the room. Such strange conduct excited surprise; but a smile was on the countenance of every one as they glanced from their needles to the coat that was spread out on the counterpane—forming a circle, or rather an oblate spheroid; for it was broader than it was long. Clara was provoked at the disrespect which the Professor had shown, and, looking first at the coat and then at its owner's nose, apparently entering into the conversation which had been started, asked the Professor if *he* had not graduated at Brazen-Nose College. The roar of laughter was now immoderate, and all joined in it except Clara and the person interrogated; for, not perceiving that any thing was intended, he proceeded regularly to give the history of his collegiate course. This gave her an opportunity of drawing him out in conversation, which she gladly improved, while Dr. Grayson, who sat by listening to their conversation, kept thrusting his red pocket-handkerchief into his mouth until it had nearly disappeared. Strange conduct, indeed! Was it done to prevent his laughing?

During a conversation on *caloric*, in which Dr. Grayson incidentally mentioned the fact, that dark bodies radiate heat more rapidly than light ones, Clara asked the Professor if *he* suffered much from cold hands in winter—glancing at the same time at the clasped hands of the Cyclops, as he sat twirling his dingy and begrimed thumbs.

Finding *caloric* rather a warm subject he passed speedily to some remarks on electricity, but he was met here again by the mischievous little wit, who, when he had observed that the electric shock is generally felt in the weakest part of the body, presumed that *he* had been accustomed to feel the sensation in his head.

The young ladies and gentlemen were all attention, though they could seldom comprehend either question or answer. One reply, however, which the Professor made, they readily understood. While he was speaking of astronomy, Clara interrupted him to know what was meant by an *apside* of the moon. The *upside* of the moon, did you ask? Why the upper *orn*, child! to be sure. They had become familiar with his swallowing the letter *h*, and readily received *orn* for horn, as it was intended. After a long dissertation on demonology the Professor related some freaks of witches, in which he believed implicitly. During his essay, the tavern-keeper's daughter, amazed at his display of learning, whispered Clara to ask the Philosopher if he knew where the philosopher's stone was to be found. "In the philosopher's head instead of brains," she returned, in a low voice. Dr. Grayson caught the remark; his head shook as with a palsy, and he appeared eating his bandanna as before. Mr. Hardigan now commenced Mythology and History. In the former he made occasionally some slight errors, merely of numbers, such as the *seven* Fates, the *nine* Graces, the *three* Muses, &c. Roman history he inflicted next, from the time that Romulus called on Jupiter Stator to arrest the flight of the Romans *ad finem*. Jupiter Stator, by-the-bye, was a favourite deity, for all his exclamations were made to him.

After he had proceeded for some time, he made mention of the "wolf Nero," as he was pleased to call him, and in his remarks attributed to him some actions that belonged to Æneas. How he bore from Troy, which he had set on fire out of pure wickedness, his aged father Anchises, and the like. Clara fixed her bright, piercing eye on the Professor's face—paused, and then begged to know in what he had read the wonderful account. "In the *hannals* of Tacitus, the *Latin istorian*." Clara unlocked a little drawer, and put Tacitus into his hands. Professor Hardigan was surprised—Dr. Grayson laughed—Herman Lincoln straightened himself up in his chair, where jealousy had been transforming him to a statue, to prove that he had not become all stone—the girls stuck their needles in the quilt and looked on, wondering what was to be done next.—Clara evinced no emotion, but patiently awaited the result of the Professor's investigation.

Professor Hardigan was in a quandary. He thumbed the leaves carefully, and then with triumph pointed to the passage, on a page where the name of Nero stood conspicuous. Clara begged a translation of the part. He regarded the expressive countenance of the girl cautiously, and then began—but seeing symptoms of an irrepressible laugh on her lips, conjectured that Clara had some knowledge of Latin, and was not to be humbugged. So he ceased translating, and acknowledged that he had *made a mistake*, and that the actions of the savage “wolf Nero,” could not be found in the “*hannals*” of Tacitus. Aunt Margarette was hurt for her countryman, and endeavoured to assist him. She trotted away into another room—and returning, said to him, “If the wolf Nero could not be found among the ‘hannimals’ of Tacitus, may be you’ll find him among the *hannimals* of Goldsmith;” and so saying, she threw into his lap Goldsmith’s *Animated Nature*.

He was silent, and continued to look at the pictures. At length he closed the book, repeating some lines from his favourite poet, Ovid—probably his ancestor, which had come over his mind like inspiration. Clara went to her drawer, and a copy of Ovid was soon in the hands of Professor Hardigan. “It was a mere *lapsus linguae*—he meant to say Virgil.” Clara handed him Virgil, desiring to be favoured with a sight of the passage. “How could he blunder so!—It was Persius.” Persius was offered to him. “No! No! Jupiter Stator!—What made his senses fly from him?—It was Theocritus.” Clara’s hand dropped into the drawer for another book. Professor Hardigan mounted up from his chair horrified—a chill had seized him—he ran to the bed. His herculean shoulders were encased in his old-claret coat, and he would have been off instantly, had not aunt Margarette just come in to announce tea, and forcibly detained him. Clara had subjected the pretensions of the royal Professor to a fiery ordeal. In the course of the evening, without perceiving it, she had drawn him out upon all the branches set forth in his card, (with the exception of one,) and proved him to be a royal blockhead and impostor, much to the amusement of Dr. Grayson, and the relief of her lover.

The girls had plied their needles faithfully. Their labours were unremitting—not even the laying out of a diamond occurring to break the monotony—for all the quilt was laid out when they came. They were pleased with the relaxation offered now from work, and, together with the beaux, followed aunt Margarette to tea. The quilt was nearly finished. Aunt Margarette’s expectations were so surpassed by their

despatch, that she felt an unusual expansion of heart, and did the service of the table in the most hospitable manner, and with as much grace as could be expected. The "tea" was not like the tea of modern times, but was a substantial feast of roasted, boiled, and fried—light-bread—cakes, various as those made by the epicure Apicius, and pies.

There is much philosophy in eating. It diffuses a calm over the feelings—the melancholy man forgets his sorrows—the angry man his ire, as the process of mastication goes briskly on. It was thus with Professor Hardigan and Herman Lincoln. You will recollect, reader! that I said Clara had had an exhibition of the Professor's skill in all the branches which he professed, with the exception of one. That one was the science of "*dontology*"; and, do the man justice, I will say that he understood the use of teeth as well as any man living. As plates of cakes disappeared before him; and spare-ribs and whole broiled partridges were craunched beneath his teeth, Clara had before her, barring the *two eyes*, the Polyphemus of Homer preying upon the bodies of Ulysses' companions. In fact, she looked upon him as the only type of that "*monstrum horrendum*" which she had ever seen. After disposing of some half-a-dozen cups of tea, with a proportional quantity of meat and bread-stuff, he gave a final proof of his skill in performing that most difficult of mathematical problems, the quadrature of the circle, by taking a quarter section of a pumpkin-pie, about eighteen inches in diameter.

Herman's jealousy during the evening had been put to rest pretty much, so far as the Professor was concerned;—but Dr. Grayson excited his fears. He was very attentive to Clara;—their understanding appeared to be good: and their whispering together sometimes, convinced him that she had merely thrown aside one of his rivals to take up another. However, he soon experienced relief, at least for the present—for the young *Æsculapian* had a professional visit to make, which compelled him to tear himself away from the company. That Dr. Grayson should have a professional visit to make, was something wonderful! Herman had now an opportunity to enjoy Clara's company, and came to the conclusion that she had not entirely forgotten him. I will not describe to my readers the rustic games with nuts, the naming of apple-seeds, and other innocent trifling of the evening. They have all seen and taken part in the like. The cheer was good—all were delighted, and the company broke up at a late hour; the beaux waiting on the young ladies to their respective homes,

But it was Halloween, and more was to be done before sleeping; and it was therefore resolved that the gentlemen, according to the good old custom, should try their sweethearts by dipping the right sleeve of their shirts in south-running water,—and then placing them by the fire, see or dream what lady was to come and turn them. But where was there a south-running stream? No such stream could be found, except one that burst out, in a long subterranean cavern, near the village. A beautiful spot it was—fit residence for a *naiad*—two apartments, with sides and ceiling of moss-grown rock, with a narrow opening like a door, connecting them.—But Professor Hardigan did not like to study its geology by night—much less on Halloween—the holy-day of witches and warlocks. Nevertheless, so much had Clara interested him, notwithstanding her quizzing him, that he determined to perform the ablution, if another would only enter and do so before him.

Some thirty yards from the mouth of the cavern, they stood debating who should enter first. At length one volunteered; and, leaving the band of his comrades, boldly entered the cavern and returned, having performed the ablution. The Professor's courage was now put to the test; and, in truth, he proceeded valiantly, that he might not be outdone by his predecessor. He entered the cave with his imagination filled with witches, and continued his walk, cautiously feeling his way along the rocky sides, towards the spot where he heard the gurgling of the waters. At length he reached them, and had stooped down to perform the rite, when he heard the rattling of chains; and, on looking up, saw in the passage between the caverns, a horrid looking fiend, robed in a mantle of fire, with eyes lambent with flame, and blazing horns!—During the “reign of terror,” within the cavern, there was terror without: for a most unearthly looking being passed by the group that the Professor had left, striking fear into the hearts of the most hardy. Mortal it could not be!—Witch it might have been, had it been beshridding a broom, or had it glided noiselessly by. But its tread was like the footfall of a giant, with the clank of the heaviest clogs that ever shod the foot of an Irishwoman.

Professor Hardigan was spell-bound in the cavern;—but, recovering his strength, he rushed from the dread being, who rattled his chains, and came driving on to poke him through with his long horns: but, in running from one fiend, he encountered another more frightful, at the mouth of the cave, for it addressed him—“Och! Hinry Hardigan! ye rogue ye! Is it frim your wife and three childer ye hive rin away, to try

swatehearts in Immerica? Och hone! but I'll see ye hanged yit! Shame on ye! I'll"— but Henry Hardigan heard no more, for he had reached the open air, and was running with a speed which Jupiter Stator himself could not have arrested. Need I inform my readers that Dr. Grayson had paid a professional visit to — the cavern, covered over with a luminous coat of olive-oil, and phosphorus, and a respectable pair of horns, to personate his Satanic majesty; and that the wife of Professor Hardigan had come over from England to claim her rightful lord, who had absconded from her bed and board.

The village of Bloomingville had lost its brightest ornament—for their philosopher, astronomer, and Professor, had decamped, and was never heard of after. Parents were taken in, for they had paid in advance for a quarter, only part of which had been put in. The landlord had received nothing as yet for board,—but he considered himself safe, as the Professor's apparatus would more than pay his demand. Accordingly, he levied on his telescope, his *chest* of philosophical instruments, and the *box* of instruments from Albany. The telescope was not of great value—for it was a plain one, of easy construction, being the handle of an old warming-pan, with glasses neither convex nor concave, but *plano* on both sides, such as is generally used in windows. The chest contained jugs—the box, kegs. These jugs and kegs *had* contained brandy, but now contained—nothing. Never had so great a rig been played upon a humbugged people, as the *royal Professor* had played.

But what became of Herman Lincoln? "The course of true love never did run smooth." Its *termination*, however, does sometimes. Will you believe it, reader?—there was *another* company at Aunt Margarett's, and Clara Lawson dressed in white, with Herman Lincoln at her side, stood in the middle of the floor—a minister before them, and the villagers gathered round in a circle; and they, whom rivalry and fears had separated, "became one flesh," to be disjoined no more. The morning after the wedding, Aunt Margarett felt sorry that she had destroyed the neat little box which Madame Letour had presented to her niece, although it *did* contain French perfumery. It would have been some little ornament to the bridal bed-chamber, which was very plain. But her regrets could not re-unite the disrupted fragments of the box. She therefore did what she could to repair the matter, and presented her niece with an old-fashioned box that had belonged to her grand-mother. This box was valuable, because it was a relic of antiquity; but more so, because it contained five hundred guineas.

Herman Lincoln obtained his school;—and the villagers, to repay him for the injustice which they had done him, gave him a greater patronage than ever. He taught *English* by day, and studied *Latin* at night, under Clara. “Tis sweet to be schooled by female lips,” says Byron. So thought Herman. His proficiency was astonishing—he soon became a perfect linguist; and a neat two story brick building, with tall spire and bell, occupied the place of the old white log school-house, and the pure Greek and Latin were at length heard within its classic shades.

The village of Bloomingville increased in size—in intelligence and population. Dr. Grayson became an eminent practitioner of medicine as well as jokes, and was ever the family physician of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and all the young Lincolns. Clara attended to her domestic duties like a faithful housewife, yet found time occasionally to write a poem or essay, which, in gratitude for the five hundred guineas, she always dedicated to “My Dear Aunt, Miss Margarette Lawson.” Aunt Margarette, notwithstanding the abatement of some of her anti-American prejudices, was still an English-woman;—and, as she turned up her nose at all American Magazines, sent all her niece’s productions to England, where they appeared in the different periodicals.

* * * * *

What a plain tale! exclaims the critic. Well, I have heard it said that a good moral will redeem the dullness of a tale, barren in style and in incident; and, fearing that this may have been without sufficient interest, I have endeavored to redeem the dullness of it, by making it have three morals:—Firstly. Let not married men, who have wives living, take the trouble of trying sweethearts on Halloween. Secondly. Let Royal Professors be examined, before they are engaged. Thirdly. Let aunts, who are anxious to marry their nieces to foreigners, first learn whether they have not wives already.

Baltimore, Md.

B

THE CAVE OF CHRYSTALS.

A LEGEND OF TONGATABOO.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

PART I.

The skies are bright in Tonga's isle,
For summer sheds perpetual smile,
And round its rocky cliffs the seas,
Warmed by the sun and summer breeze,
Joy on their foamy waves to bear
Full oft some bold bright-eyed maiden,
Who fearless sports with streaming hair
Round the canoe, returning laden
With spoils from ocean or from foe,
Diving, perchance, with watery veil,
To hide the warmly mantling glow
Which else would tell a grateful tale
To him who sits amid the band
With love-lit eye and waving hand.

But of the young and graceful train,
Who press the sands or cleave the main
Or skim the distant waters blue,
Fearless and free in light canoe,
None can with Amilu compare,
In noble form or graceful air,
Or agile step upon the land,
Or hurried gambol through the water;
And many a suitor asked the hand
Of proud Mahiti's noble daughter;
But proud Mahiti scorns them all
Save one, a distant inland chief,
Whom men the rich and mighty call,
Yet far beyond the summer leaf
His age was waning, and the scar
Left on his brow by former war—
No compensating grace repaid
For charms which age forgot to spare;
And e'en the favorite island maid
Would doom such suitor to despair—
And who fair Amilu will blame,
If in her heart no answering flame
Awake, though loud her sire's commands
Though wide Jehimna's fertile lands—
Yet to her sire this boon she gave,
On none—of all the young and brave

Who sought with gifts her smile to gain,
 With vows her favour to obtain—
 Smiled she—although across her brain
 In dreams, there flits the form of one,
 Best—bravest—fairest of the train,
 Eimatoo, Heitan's only son.

The chief's fair daughter loved he long—
 The chief's fair daughter knew it well—
 Yet dared he not his love to tell,
 Save when the feast called forth the song,
 And war or love became the theme,
 On her his eye with kindling beam
 Would fall—if e'er the song expressed
 Such thoughts as those which filled his breast—
 Another, whom she could not love,
 But still another claimed her hand,
 And knowing this, he silent, strove
 The stream of passion to withstand,
 And sought by absence, from his mind
 To drive the image there enshrined;
 And therefore sailed he day by day,
 By many an islet creek and bay,
 And nightly to his home he bore
 Corals and pearls in precious store,
 And birds, of plumage rich and rare,
 Lured to his well-constructed snare;
 And turtles, seized when slept the gale;
 And curious fish, whose brilliant scale
 Flashed like the warrior's silver mail;
 And the bright nautilus full-oared—
 Till almost sank his vessel frail
 With the rich cargo heaped on board.

And once, as on the sleeping main,
 He urged his boat in search of gain,
 Diving to ocean's sandy floor
 To grasp the treasures which it bore,
 He held afar his darkling chase,
 O'er beds of sponge and coral fair—
 Till by a tall cliff's oozy base,
 Compelled to seek the upper air,
 His long-pressed breathing to renew—
 He rose, but not to day's soft light—
 Above him spread no boundless blue,
 Nor floated near his light canoe,
 And all that met his wondering sight,
 Was arching rock and stalaelite,
 Whose thousand shapes and thousand hues,
 A rich, unearthly light diffuse;
 In sooth it was a wondrous room,
 Beneath whose roof rose Eimatoo,

Gloomy, but yet its very gloom,
Lustrous with gem light, strongly threw
Splendour along the watery blue,
Which formed the floor, and o'er whose face
No breath of storm had ever passed,
And which from all the mirrored space,
Back that reflected splendour cast.

Where met the water of the vale,
Appeared a broad projecting ledge—
Formed by the shingles' ceaseless fall
Which rose above the water's edge,
And to the foot a pathway gave,
Dryshod to traverse all the cave.
Long gazed Eimatoor on the scene,
In admiration lost I ween;
But wonder soon gave way to dread,
As burst upon his shrinking heart
The ruder thought, like lightning sped,
“Where lies the passage to depart?”
On every side his restless eye
Traversed, but vainly sought reply
To that dread question, till he spied
At length, far down amid the tide,
A ray of upward-gleaming light,
Like dawn of terror's gloomy night;—
He gazed not twice, but o'er his head
Clasping his hands, with headlong leap,
Down, down beneath the waves he sped,—
Passed through the archway dark and deep,
Sole entrance to that wondrous dome—
Rose—gained again his light canoe,
But told to none—arrived at home—
The wonders which had met his view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

BY W. H. CARPENTER.

A STREET IN LONDON.

(CONTINUED.)

Act II.—Scene I.—Room in FITZ MARTYN's house—FITZ MARTYN discovered.

FITZ.

The work goes bravely on—our citizens
With hot impatience chide the tardy night,
That brings so glad a morrow in its train.
The blood of the apprentices is up,
And all things shape themselves as I would wish.
The glozing Foreigners, whose craft hath won
The rightful havings from the native born,
Lulled by the quiet of the artizans,
And the strange silence of our city's streets,
Do walk abroad in proud security,
Unheedful of the cloud above their heads—
Unconscious of the mine beneath their feet!
Anon the thunderbolt shall rend the cloud,
Anon a dauntless hand shall spring the mine,
And from the chaos shall revive again
Those glorious days of fair prosperity,
Such as we owned before the strangers came,
And snatched that goodly traffic from our hand,
Which was our birthright privilege—Denny.

(Enter DENNY.)

DENNY. Thy scheme has failed; Sir Harry Scroope
hath met
A most severe rebuke.

FITZ. How? How?

DENNY. Beaten
By the apprentices.

FITZ. And dost thou deem I care
One jot about his sore discomfiture,
So that *my* end is answered?—she—the girl—
What of the girl? Speak.

DENNY. She hath been rescued.

FITZ. By whom, by whom?

DENNY. Thy foe—young Jocelyn.

FITZ. May the foul fiend requite him for the deed.
 This must be looked to—aye—and quickly sir,
 Or all our schemes are null—why did I make
 This foolish wassailer mine instrument?
 He will be here anon—and I must bear
 The brunt of his fierce anger. But of that
 I reck not. 'Tis our goodly cause, I fear,
 Must suffer some delay. Good Denny—go
 And seek out Symonds—hasten with him here,
 E'en to this room; and as ye walk about,
 Make it appear as if ye hold some words
 Touching the late affray—say that our citizens
 Did see Sir Harry stoop him to the earth,
 And meekly crave forgiveness. Do thou this—
 The rest shall be my task. Away with thee.

(Exit DENNY.)

FITZ, (*solus.*) I'll have this lordling so enmeshed ere
 long,
 That in his struggles to be free from us,
 The net shall but entangle him the more—
 Now let me meet him boldly, for he comes.

(Enter SIR HARRY SCROOPE, in great agitation.)

SIR HARRY. Foiled—foiled—foiled, ev'n at the very
 moment

When I deemed success was surest mine—I—
 Who never from mine equal took a blow
 But that I did resent it fearfully,
 Was basely beaten by a low born knave—
 My servants, hooted by the apprentices,
 Were forced to crave for pardon on their knees,—
 As we departed by St. Bride, they hissed—
 Aye hissed and mocked and jabbered at our shame,
 And forthwith told it to the city folk,
 Who echoed back their taunts and elritch laughs
 With double zest. Look you—I'll have revenge—
 Full, ~~deep~~, and quick revenge. I will not sleep
 Till I have had revenge. See to it, sir—
 Find thou some means to gloss my burning sham,
 Thou who didst prompt the doing of this deed—
 Or all the wrath that labours at my heart
 Shall be outpoured on thee.

FITZ. This is not just—

I sought to pleasure thee, and thou didst meet
 My good intent—not with the laggard thought

Of one by whom the venture was misliked—
 But with a speed outstripping cautiousness,
 Whereby the plan I had securely laid
 Hath ended foreign to my dearest hopes,
 And 'tis for this thou chidest me. Well I wot
 I'm not to blame in this.

SIR HARRY. Thou'rt right, thou'rt right—
 My blood runs riot at the foul mischance,
 And leads my better judgment wide astray.
 Thy hand—at best it was a dastard's act,
 Not fitting one who boasts a noble name;
 I'm glad, I'm very glad the project failed.

FITZ, (*aside.*) So am not I, nor shall he yet give o'er.
 Sir Harry!

SIR HARRY. Well.

FITZ. Didst recognize the man
 Who dealt thee that vile blow?

SIR HARRY. What is thy thought,
 That thou shouldst question me?

FITZ. Was't Jocelyn?

SIR HARRY. Ha! who told thee it was he?

FITZ. A rumour

Was rife but now among our citizens
 Pointing to him as having struck thee down;
 'Twas said they loudly cheered him for the deed,
 While thou didst humbly fling thee at his feet,
 And sue forbearance from his hand.

SIR HARRY, (*seizing FITZ by the throat.*) Liar!
 Since I have lived, I ne'er for pity sued—
 Hiss but those words again within mine ear;
 And I will hold thee thus till thou become
 A blackened, lifeless thing.

FITZ. I did but speak
 The general rumour. Fare thee well, sir knight—
 When next I strive to proudly fortune thee,
 Send me a cap and bells, and dub me “fool!”

SIR HARRY.

Stay.

FITZ. Why should I stay? Were I a quintain—
 To mate thy buffet with a swift return
 I would not heed to hear thee out—But I
 Am one who care not to defy hot wrath,—
 A peaceful man, Sir Knight, and foolish too
 For having deemed thy nature like mine own,—
 A loving nature, sir—that would do much
 To serve a friend—an honest, faithful friend

That takes a courtesy as it is meant
 Nor rails at me because by his own act
 Things after go awry. Such testy friend
 I hold unworthy of my care or love.—

SIR HARRY.

Why didst thou move me in mine own despite
 To do thy friendship wrong?

FITZ. I moved thee not
 'Tis thou art cholerick and over-rash,
 And prompt to take offence where none is meant,
 And in the excess of passion take no heed
 With whom thou battlest—friend or enemy.

SIR HARRY.

I asked for mercy? did they say 'twas I
 That asked for mercy?

FITZ. Even so,
 With piteous accent and imploring look.

SIR HARRY.

'S death this lie will go abroad. Hear me, sir—
 Art sure that such was said? Art very sure
 They did not say it was my serving men,
 Who knelt—my name—was't used? let it be proved
 My name was linked to a coward's act
 And I will quickly wipe the stain therefrom
 Even at my good sword's point.

FITZ. Most sure am I
 They mentionell thee—but in the ante-room
 I see two friends—the taller of the twain
 Is somewhat of a gossip, let us mark
 Their converse for a while—perchance their words
 May be a confirmation of mine own.

SIR HARRY.

If I do find them so.

FITZ. Hush! (*FITZ. and SIR HARRY retire,*
as DENNY and SYMONDS enter.)

SYMONDS. I'll not believe 't.

DENNY. 'Tis true, most true—besure that it is true
 For Thorpe the Vintner saw him bend the knee
 In abject humblenesss to Jocelyn.

SYMONDS.

Say'st thou the bold Sir Harry Scroope did this.

SIR HARRY.

Ha!

FITZ. Prithee curb thyself.

DENNY. So am I told
 Sir Harry Scroope did shame the thoughts of men

Who deemed him brave.

SIR HARRY breaks from FITZ MARTYN and rushes towards DENNY and SYMONDS who immediately on perceiving him make a rapid retreat.

SIR HARRY. 'Tis false as thy own heart,
Ha! gone! look you, Fitz Martyn, I must clip
The braggart's wings whose act hath cursed this talk,
See that thou help me in the way to do 't
And promptly too—I'll bide the hazard, sir,
And hold thee harmless.

FITZ. Nay, I will not risk
Harsh words from thee again—besides, the youth
Is not unworthy of the young girl's love,
Which I had meant for thee.

SIR HARRY. Soars he so high.
FITZ.

Aye, marry doth he—yet success is thine
If that my services can gain thee her
And thou thyself wilt aid me in the act.—

SIR HARRY.

Speak on.

FITZ. First pledge me whatsoe'er I tell
Shall be as secret from all other ears
As if thyself had never known of it.

SIR HARRY.
Go on—thou hast my pledge.

FITZ. To-morrow morn—
May morn—I fear some acts of violence
Will come to pass betwixt our citizens
And their most loathed foes the Foreigners—
I do not say that ill deeds will take place,
But if they do—young Jocelyn will be
First in the *melee*—He will seem to check
The fury of the wild apprentices,
While really thou wilt note him stirring them,
To do ill deeds of riot and excess.
Canst thou not arm some friends to capture him
Whilst thou thyself dost seek the damsel out
And bear her off in triumph—By this means
Thou'l have a full revenge.

SIR HARRY. Right, very right,
He shall not 'scape me now.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

An apartment in DE BEVERNING's house. MATILDE and SYBIL discovered, the former watching earnestly from a window at the side.

MATILDE.

He comes not—still he comes not—I have watched
A good long hour, and yet he does not come,
I marvel me what hath detained him thus,
Dear Sybil think'st thou aught of ill hath happ'd?
Speak comfort to me, Sybil, for I fear
He is not well or that some rude mischance
Hath overta'en his footsteps.

SYBIL. Rest content,
He will be here anon.

MATILDE. But he did say,
He would be with me full an hour agone,
And yet he has not come.

SYBIL. A courtier's word.
A lover's promise; or a dicer's oath,
Are seldom most religiously observed.

MATILDE.
He promised me, and yet he has not come,
I would have kept my word whate'er befell.

SYBIL.
Indeed thou would'st, but then thy Jocelyn,
May not like thee be over ears in love:
Men do love prudently and pause and think,
And with a bent brow coldly calculate,
The measure of the affection they shall pour,
But woman's love doth shame all selfish thought
For 'tis a stream in happier hours that leaps
And laughs and dances in the pure sunshine
Of new-born joy—yet if its flow be checked,
'Twill burst the barriers that had hemm'd it in
And flood the green world of her youthful hopes,
To blight or beautify.

MATILDE. Why tarries he,
Can't guess why tarries he?

SYBIL. Dost think he'd play
Thee false?

MATILDE. Never, never, never, never,
His noble nature could not compass it—
False!—shame on thee for the thought.

Enter AMBROSE.

AMBROSE. So please ye.
MATILDE.

Jocelyn!

AMBROSE. Nay, I said not so—In sooth
I said not Jocelyn—Indeed, indeed
I do not think that I said Jocelyn.

MATILDE.

'Twas my own wish that overleaped his speech,
And pictured none but Jocelyn.

SYBIL to AMBROSE. Say on.

AMBROSE.

So please ye master bid me hie me straight
And tell—and tell—why now 'tis wondrous strange
I have forgot what he did bid me tell,
I had it in my memory, but now
Alack, alack, it is not there—and I
Must Master seek, and con his words once more.

(*Exit.*)

(*Enter JOCELYN.*)

(MATILDE flinging herself into his arms.)
At last, at last!

JOCELYN. My own, my own Matilde!

MATILDE.

I thought to chide thee when thou didst appear;
And oft resolved what I should say to thee,
But thou art come; and all the wayward words
I coined for thee in unmeant bitterness
Are gone clear gone from out my memory;
And here I lean, as if the hour of tryst
Had been by thee most punctually fulfilled.—
If thou dost break thy promise once again—

SYBIL.

As now—thou wilt forget to chide him for't.

MATILDE.

Out, chatterbox!

SYBIL. Well, well, I will not spoil
Your dear entanglement; but take my leave,
That ye may ravel out the skein yourselves.
Good master, Jocelyn, a word with thee.
If thou wouldst have an ever fruitful theme,
Full of most rich and varied incident,
To make thy wooing time pass pleasantly;
Seek out a quarrel with thy lady love,
And after make it up—so wilt thou have
Sighs, and sad tears, and criminating words—

The sweet apology half-yielded to
 And half-refused—the urgent prayer—the smile,
 The sunshine of the heart, the low-breathed vow,
 The kiss, and all's forgiven and forgot.—
 Trust me, a quarrel, like a summer storm,
 Disperses from Love's atmosphere, the clouds
 That from unheeded exhalations rise
 And seek to dim its lustre.

MATILDE. Dear Sybil,

Thou art a very madcap. Jocelyn,
 Heed not her words, for she doth rattle on
 In merry mischief with a careless tongue,
 And recks not whom her random shafts do hit,
 Or friend or foe, 'tis all the same to her;
 And yet, beneath this humoured waywardness
 Are lofty feelings, passionate and warm,
 As ever sympathized with human love.

SYBIL.

A pretty eulogy, good master, Jocelyn!
 My sister hath been conning epitaphs,
 And memorized the warmer of them all.
 Dost want a wife? I'm in the market, sir:—
 And, whatsoe'er my outward form may be,
 I can obtain a goodly character
 For innate perfectness. My sister, sir—
 I give my sister as a reference.
 Wilt have me on my sister's eulogy?
 Or wilt thou recommend thy dearest friend;
 An' he would woo me whilst I'm in the vein
 Perchance I might not frown upon his suit.

JOCELYN.

I'll tell him so—be sure I'll tell him so.

SYBIL.

Really?

JOCELYN. Really!

SYBIL. Art thou in earnest?

JOCELYN.

In sober earnest.

SYBIL. Oh! prithee, do not:
 I would not for the world that he should deem
 I can be lightly wooed and lightly won—
 For lightly won is oft-times lightly worn.
 And who wears me, must, in his heart of hearts,
 Shrine me as he would shrine a treasured gem,
 Within a worthy casket.

JOCELYN. That's well said!
So thou dost love my friend, Ralph Wethersby?

SYBIL.

I said not so; indeed I said not so.—
Sister, spake I of him?

MATILDE. Nay, but thy thoughts—

SYBIL.

He were a learned clerk who read my thoughts—
Good Jocelyn, read thou my sister's thoughts;
For she hath sought to give a voice to mine.

Exit.

JOCELYN.

I can decipher them—

MATILDE. Of what speak they—

JOCELYN.

Of love—pure—ardent—and devoted love
That knows no ebb, but ceaselessly flows on,
Leaping in brightness like a pleasant stream
Fed by an unstained fountain, which still holds
(Like thy fond heart, Matilde,) within its cup
A precious residue to yield to those
Who having drained the stream, seek for relief
In what the source hath garnered.

MATILDE (*leaning heavily on his arm, and looking up into his eyes,*)

Nay, go to!

I love thee not. Indeed, I love thee not.

That is—not much—not very—very much.

JOCELYN.

Eyes are love's tablets whereupon he writes,
In glowing words, the thoughts he dares not speak;
And thine do mutely, brightly character
That which thy tongue, but not thy heart, denies.

MATILDE.

Mine eyes are traitors, then. I'll wear a veil
Henceforth; so thou wilt have no outward sign
Whereby to read the secrets of my heart.

JOCELYN.

But love can pierce the veil.

MATILDE. Then will I close

Mine eyelids, and thus cheat thee still.

JOCELYN. Do so;

And I will read thy words by contraries
Thus—shouldst thou say thou dost dislike me much,
I'll deem thee fathom deep in love with me:
But if thou say'st my love doth meet return,

I'll take thy words e'en as thy words appear,
Nor seek new readings to so plain a text.

MATILDE.

Lovest thou me?

JOCELYN. Indeed, devotedly.

MATILDE.

A raging flame, too, quickly doth consume
That which it feeds on—while a steadier one
Gives out a pleasant and an even warmth,
That long outlasts the fiercer—should thy love
Be as a raging flame that quickly dies,
I needs must fade as fades that flame whose light
To me is all of life. Dear Jocelyn,
I am a passionate, single-hearted girl,
Unused to the world's ways, and know not how,
With hollow words and cold neglectful looks,
To veil those feelings that my heart approves;
Yet trust me, I will be as fond a wife
As any maiden who hath cover been,
Ere she did pour her best affections forth
For one who wooed her long.

JOCELYN. I know thou wilt:
And thou shall't find ere we are wedded, sweet,
I will approve me worthy of thy love.

MATILDE.

Thou'rt sad.

JOCELYN. The deep-mouthed thunder muttereth,
Ere the loud crash is heard—low murmurs now
Are rife among our citizens—Anon
We shall hear more.

MATILDE. Oh! I have dreaded this.

My father, Jocelyn—who will protect
My father?

JOCELYN. This good right arm!

MATILDE. Jocelyn,

This must not be—thy life—it is my own;
And yet my father hath no friend but thee.

JOCELYN.

Foul scorn on me, if I forsake him now.

MATILDE.

The citizens—they are thy countrymen.

JOCELYN.

I guard thee with my life.

MATILDE. Not so—not so;

Better I die than harm should come to thee.

JOCELYN.

All will be well—besure all will be well.

MATILDE.

Thy life is mine.

JOCELYN. And I will treasure it.

MATILDE.

Remember.—

(Exeunt together.)

(Enter DE BEVERNING and RALPH.)

DE BEVERNING.

Nay, urge me not; I'll meet them face to face,
 And shame them from their purpose. 'Tis a freak—
 An idle freak, believe me—nothing more.
 They will not dare to thrust us from our homes
 When they have weighed and pondered the result.
 We have the King's protection—and our lives
 Are safe beneath the shadow of the throne—
 I thank thee for thine information, sir:
 'Tis kindly meant—but, danger there is none.
 Young men are apt—and in a frolic mood
 Will sometimes overstep the prudent bounds
 Their elders are content to walk within.
 Yet we must make allowance for hot blood,
 Nor scan their failings with too close an eye—
 A friendly greeting, and an open hand,
 Will oft-times move a foe with kindly thoughts
 When a rash word would stir his choler up
 To acts of bitter vengeance. I will see
 These men.

RALPH. I do implore thee.

DE BEVERNING. Tut! thy fears
 Are womanish. The "Spotted Pard," thou sayst?

RALPH.

If thou wilt go I move not from thy side—

DE BEVERNING.

And thereby bring thyself in bad repute
 Among thy fellows—nay, I go alone.

RALPH.

Let me attend thee as thy serving man.

DE BEVERNING.

Thou hast too proud a step—too bright an eye
 To wear a livery with due humbleness;
 Thou wouldest but mar my plans.

RALPH. Then let me stay

And guard thy household in thine absence, sir.

I'll prove a prompt and faithful deputy
For thine own sake.

DE BEVERNING. But more so for my daughter's;
Well, well, thy hand; I yield thee up the charge:
See that thou merit well my confidence.
On Jocelyn and thee I rest my hopes.

RALPH.

Thou'l find us worthy, sir.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

A room in the "Spotted Pard"—a rudely constructed rostrum in the centre of the apartment. Enter FITZ MARTYN, DENNY and SYMONDS—a number of merchants and apprentices gradually drop in; among them DE BEVERNING, with his cloak carefully wrapt around him. FITZ MARTYN mingles with the merchants.

FITZ MARTYN.

Good master Thorpe, thou art most welcome here.
How fares it with thy daughter? She is one
Whose beauty hath a winning gentleness
That maketh glad the gazer. None, know I,
Among our city 'demosels whose brow
Is of such peerless beauty, or whose eyes
Mutely discourse the eloquence of love
With such a sweet and soul-subduing graciousness.
A happy father, thou, in such a child.

1st. MERCHANT.

You flatter, sir!

FITZ MARTYN. Indeed, not I—'tis truth.
Ha! master Wither this is kind of thee,
And 'minds me of our youthful days, long passed,
When we were—aye, the foremost of the throng
At quintain—butts—or in the noisier games
That unchecked spirits do delight in most.
Those times are changed, good master Wither now,
And merry England hath enwrapt herself
In mourning weeds. The lively morrice dance,
The sports and pastimes which refreshed our youth,
Nerving the brave heart to a braver act
Are all forbidden; while as strangers we
Do tread the generous soil that gave us birth;
And they who are in sooth but aliens here,

With curling lip and proud imperious brow,
Usurp our birthrights and rebuke, with scorn,
The humble citizen who claims his own.
Shall we endure it, man?

2d. MERCHANT. Not I, for one.

FITZ MARTIN (*grasping his hand.*)

I knew thou wouldest not—stand aside awhile;
Thou shalt hear more anon. Master Denny,
Brave heart, I do commend thee for thy zeal.
Go now, ascend yon stand, and straight unfold
Why we assemble thus: yet, take thou heed
Thy speech be so attempered whoso hears,
Shall deem it the twin-offspring of his thought.
I'll stand apart, and diligently take note
How they appear affected towards the cause.
If I do find them ductile to the touch,
We'll stamp them ours, at once.

DENNY. It shall be done.

(Retires and ascends the rostrum.)

DENNY.

My friends—

(*Many voices.*)
Silence! silence!

DENNY. My friends,

It gives me joy to greet so many here;
And citizens, withal. True hearts, and brave:
I say, it gives me joy. Who is there, here,
In whom I do not recognize some link
To bind me to his heart? None? nay, not one!
Some of ye were my playmates; many a time
We've played together, free and fearlessly;
For then the land was ours. Whose is it now?

(*Many voices.*)

Aye! aye! The foreigners'—the foreigners'.

DENNY.

Right; we are slaves—slaves in the very land
Which we have trod as freemen! There stands one
Whose father was my earliest bosom friend:
A true friend, sirs; and kind as he was true.
He died. I pray ye pardon me that I do weep;
'Tis but due tribute to his memory.—
He died, and left his son a goodly trade.
Who has it now? speak, Jenkyn, speak, I pray.

(*A voice from the crowd.*)

The foreigners.

DENNY. Why, so it is, indeed;
 And so is thine, John Lincoln, they have ta'en,
 Thy havings from thee—not from thee alone,
 But all of us. From all who speak the tongue
 Our mothers taught us slave could never speak;
 Where are thy score of pack-horses, Luke Hood?
 We hear not now the jingling of their bells,
 We see not now how gayly they are decked,
 Their bells are still—their garniture is gone,
 And thy sad heart no longer leaps to greet
 The welcome music which they made of yore,
 Speak, I not sooth, Luke Hood.

(*A voice from the crowd.*)

Thou dost, thou dost—

DENNY.

Then wherefore need I on—our substance stolen,
 Our city drooping, and our marts decayed,
 The pensioners upon our various crafts
 Dying for lack of sustenance. Old men,
 The worthiest in their day—kind old men,
 Now languish in the dim secluded streets,
 Too proud to beg, yet wanting strength to work,
 And could they work—who their employers now?
 Those very men that brought them to this pass.

(*Voice from the crowd.*)

Privileges! Privileges!

DENNY. Good sirs,
 Ye call for things ye have not. What are ye?
 Oh! I have known the time when men *were* men,
 When once resolved—'twas done. Had we such men
 A brighter fortune yet might shine on us;
 But what are ye?

(*Voice from the crowd.*)

Men! men!

DENNY. Then act as such,
 If knowing ye what ye are ye bend the knee
 To those who would be masters, ye are slaves.

(*Many voices.*)

Down with the foreigners!

DENNY. Amen! Amen!

(*De Beverning throwing off his cloak and advancing.*)

DE BEVERNING.

Shame! shame!

(*Many voices.*)

Betrayed, betrayed—slay him, slay him.

(*Fitz Martyn rushing between them.*)

Hold! are ye mad? What folly do ye dare,
Hath phrensy seized you? Slay an unarmed man;
Now by St. Bride, but this becomes ye not—
And thou too master Denny—I have heard
Words of strange import from thy lips to-night,
And fearful too, as strange—be dumb henceforth,
Lest I forget how dear thou art to me
And charge thee with sedition.

DENNY. How is this?

FITZ. Be silent, sir. Master De Beverning,
Thou art not one to treasure up loose words,
To which thought was not father. Well thou know'st
Our English bull dog when he grasps his foe,
Is noiseless in the act. The peevish cur,
But snarls and barks, then lets you harmless by—
These are but vapouring curs, whose braggart tongues
Belie their coward hearts. I pray you, sir,
To deem them such, no more—and overlook
For the city's peace those rash, unmeaning words
Which thou hast heard to-night.

DE BEVERNING. I will do so,
'Tis not my nature, sir, to make a breach
Where I would fain support. Yet should these men
Be led to compass any evil act,
I will defend mine own.

FITZ. Leave it to me,
And be assured, this rude unmanly broil
Shall quickly have an end.

DE BEVERNING. I'll trust you, sir. (*Exit.*)

(*Fitz Martyn looking after him.*)

The silly bird, no practised fowler's cast,
Could hold him closer meshed. Your pardon, sirs—
For that my words have done your courage wrong,
Had he gone forth in anger or in fear,
We should have been but quintains in the hands
Of those who take no buffet in return—
Now are we safe, suspicion being lulled,
To do what seemeth best. Whoso will meet,
To-morrow morn, at Paul's Cross, let him speak.

(*All the voices.*)

All, all, all.

FITZ MARTYN. Remember then to-morrow.

Exeunt Omnes, as the act drops.

THE ATLANTIS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

The great Festival in Saturnia.

As this was the great festival in which the Atlantians celebrated the day in which their government was changed from a monarchy to a republic, and their present constitution established, Dr. Franklin called at my hotel about twelve o'clock, to take me with him in paying his visit, and presenting his compliments to the Chief Magistrate and his assistant officers. We found President Washington in a splendid mansion, not unlike the palace of our Executive, surrounded by his secretaries, foreign ministers, judges of the courts, members of the Senate and House of Representatives, commanders of the army, distinguished clergymen of all denominations of religion, and a most interesting assemblage of philosophers, authors, poets, and artists of all nations. I felt my mind elevated and heart expanded by the spectacle, and, in fact, I was thrown into a delirium of delight which language would fail in describing. I was, as usual, immediately introduced by Dr. Franklin to General Washington, by whose side stood the venerable forms of Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, and others. The chief of the republic received us with that majestic courtesy and dignified suavity of manner for which he was so distinguished in this world. I was soon engaged in interesting conversation with him and his attendant compatriots. Jefferson and Hamilton eagerly inquired about the present condition of the American republic. General Hamilton, with his customary frankness, acknowledged that his opinions had undergone some change in regard to the efficiency and probable stability of our republican institutions. He said that the organization of a government into which were so largely incorporated the principles of civil liberty, at first, greatly alarmed him, and filled his mind with anxiety as to its probable destiny; but he allowed that, in imbibing these impressions he had been too much prejudiced by the ablest European authors. The long experience of its competency to all purposes of a regular government, and the wonderful tranquillity with which the nation had advanced in greatness and prosperity, he now admitted, entitled it to the highest respect and confidence, and

his hopes had become sanguine of its ultimate success. He thought in the latter part of his life, that the prospects of the United States were very lowering, and the storm of a civil war nigh at hand, and this he alleged as the predominant motive which induced him to yield to the summons of Colonel Burr, who brought him to his end: no other consideration, he declared, could have induced him to set an example of the pernicious custom of duelling, against all his moral and religious convictions, but that of preserving his reputation for bravery untarnished as the leader of the American army.

Turning to General Washington, I then remarked, that it must be a subject of peculiar satisfaction to him to find that the country whose battles he had fought, and whose constitution of government he had so largely contributed first to found and then set into successful operation, had so greatly increased in wealth, strength, and greatness. Yes, he said, he reflected with inexpressible pleasure upon the part he had performed in the American Revolution and in the subsequent conduct of the government, and he considered the patriots of his country as having set a noble example to the world; they had introduced a new era in the history of mankind, and taught statesmen and philanthropists as well by example as precept, the possibility and advantages of establishing and maintaining a popular government. He hoped that this lesson would not be lost in the world, and that his fellow-citizens would be duly sensible of the immense responsibility which now rested on them of proving to the whole earth that free institutions do not lead unavoidably to disorder and licentiousness, and that the utmost advantages of the social condition may be obtained, while the people are allowed the most supreme controul over their own destiny.

Turning to Mr. Jefferson, then, I asked *his* opinion concerning the present state and future prospects of the American republic; he answered that, he had never entertained a doubt that our free institutions might be maintained and perpetuated, provided the citizens were faithful to themselves. But, he had remarked, that some of his fellow-citizens seemed to be distinguished by a culpable diffidence of their own institutions. They were very sensitive to the slightest evils which were experienced under the influence of their liberty, but by no means so sharp-sighted in discerning and rightly estimating the blessings they enjoyed. In the view of the two opposite parties, there was, every few years, a great crisis brought on in political affairs, by the casual turn of

which the republic was to be saved or destroyed; and if any slight commotions were excited in any part of the country, if mobs committed irregularities and the laws were outraged by small companies of enraged men, these events were always ascribed to the inefficiency of laws, the downfall of the government was sagaciously predicted, and the necessity of a stronger polity confidently inferred. In the same spirit unimportant bickerings and contests between the States were to be followed by a dissolution of the confederacy. This, he regarded as a most mistaken and inauspicious tendency of the American mind. When commotions and rebellions have arisen in England, or any of the European monarchies, no one thought of its leading to a dissolution of the government, or considered it as an indication of its imbecility or incompetency to its own support. The fact is, continued Mr. Jefferson, that since the formation of our constitution no government upon earth has met with so few obstacles to impede its operations, and such cheerful acquiescence and cordial support from the people. Were the parts of any European monarchy as extensive as the American empire, separated as this last is, into distinct sovereignties, and held together by as slender ties, it would soon be shattered into unnumbered fragments, by disaffection and rebellion. The bond which unites the States, is a real and cordial attachment to their free institutions, a preference of their form of government, and a deep conviction in their minds, that, by no changes could their condition be improved; while, by the destruction of their political fabric, they would pull down upon their heads endless miseries and irretrievable ruin.

What are we, I said, to do with the subject of slavery and abolition, which is now agitating the republic, and which seems more ominous of future mischief, than any that has awokened public attention since the commencement of our career as a nation? This is, indeed, replied he, a case of most unexpected difficulty and extraordinary infatuation. Who would have thought that, after this matter had been thoroughly understood and definitively settled by the framers of our constitution, there could be raised a doubt as to the duty imposed upon the several States and the General Government, in reference to those members of the confederation upon which this evil inheritance has been entailed? Have the non-slaveholding States any thing to do with this institution? Is it not in its nature entirely domestic, and does any responsibility rest upon them to exert themselves for its abolition? Can any thing be more evident, than that this is an affair which ought to be left entirely at the disposal of the slave-

holding States themselves, and with which no foreign or confederate power ought to interfere? Between separate and independent nations of Europe, such measures as have been allowed in some of our States, and such direct and dangerous interference with the peace and safety of each other, would be justly regarded as sufficient cause of non-intercourse or war; and shall States connected to each other by such strong and beneficial ties expect to avail themselves of that very connection or affiliation to molest, harass, and convulse their sister communities? It is an insupportable interference.

I am told, exclaimed General Hamilton, that these abolitionists, besides resting their claims upon the foundation of the equal rights of mankind, are inspired with a religious fanaticism, and deem it a part of their bounden duty, as Christians, to extirpate slavery in the southern States. Dr. Clarke, continued he, (turning to Dr. Samuel Clarke, who was near us,) is slavery incompatible with the doctrines of the Gospel; and cannot slavery and Christianity be allowed peaceably to exist together in the same country? They certainly cannot be said, replied Dr. Clarke, to be absolutely incompatible with each other, since, in all ages, they have been found together and in perfect concord; but it must be admitted that slavery is at variance with the *spirit*, although not the letter of the Gospel. The whole strain of Gospel doctrines and precepts is opposed to the absolute dominion of one portion of our race over another, and recognizes a perfect equality of conditions, rights, and privileges among the members of the church; but, nevertheless, Christ and his apostles, who professed that their kingdom was not of this world, did not attempt to intermeddle in this affair, regarding it as a part of civil regulation, and leaving it to every state to adopt its own laws, and conform to the prevailing opinions and habits. In his sermons and instructions Christ adverts to the existence of slavery without prohibiting it, and the Apostles give positive and frequent directions concerning their moral conduct, both to masters and servants. There is no marked or perceptible hostility to slavery in the sacred Scriptures, but there is no doubt, that in a truly christain community, it ought to be mitigated and finally abolished as soon as it can be done consistently with the peace, order and advantage of the nation.

At this moment, other gentlemen approaching to be introduced to the President and his officers, I passed with Dr. Franklin to that portion of the room which was occupied by the ladies, at the head of whom I found Mrs. Washington, for the American General was among the few who had re-

newed their matrimonial alliance with their former spouses, and proved themselves less prone to novelty and the search of strange faces in pursuit of partners. I congratulated Mrs. Washington on her present position in this wonderful republic, and hoped she found the honours conferred upon her husband as gratifying as those which he had enjoyed in his own country. She said, that those honours were even more delightful to her, since the former estimation in which he was held might be regarded as in some degree the result of the prejudices of his countrymen on account of the station which he occupied, and the benefits he had conferred, but the present high value set upon him, could have its foundation solely in his merits as a man. She, then, introduced me to Mrs. Jefferson, who had been in France, the celebrated Madame De Stael, with whose charms of person and conversation our President had been smitten soon after his arrival in these dominions. I then remarked to both these ladies, that affairs were strangely altered in this world from what they were in their former state of existence, and the whole order of society was turned topsy-turvy,—there were kings, princes, nobles, popes and cardinals, converted into servants and inferior tradesmen and mechanics, and the ladies of the highest distinction, queens, princesses and dutchesses, acting as serving women, nurses and chamber maids. All former titles, honours, and distinctions seemed to be here utterly forgotten. I had this very morning been drawn through the streets by the former Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, and was told he who cleaned my shoes at my hotel, was the notorious Cæsar Borgia. Mrs. Jefferson laughed heartily at my surprise, and exclaimed, yes—this is an admirable improvement in the state of society in Saturnia. Men and women here hold rank only in proportion to the virtues and talents, they displayed in their former lives, and they who were execrable for their vices, are first punished by positive sufferings, and then condemned to obscurity and indigence. This is admirable, said I, and the very purpose which I wished to see accomplished in our republic. It would be attained, too, if the people who are always honest and disinterested could be made acquainted with their best men and ablest patriots. Party spirit, and the arts and intrigues of demagogues, are all that now prevent this delightful consummation. I fervently trust, that as information is more generally diffused among the community, they will learn to discriminate their purest patriots, and honest benefactors. Towards this great result your country, as well as ours and England, are rapidly advancing. But do you not find that these tyrants, kings,

who were despots—and men and women formerly of high degree, are troublesome malcontents and promoters of sedition and revolt? Do they not occasion incessant commotion, and uneasiness in the empire? Oh! yes, replied Mrs. Washington, they have several times attempted to disturb the public peace, but such is the intelligence of the community, and the vast body of able men and the capacity of those military chieftains, who are among the honourable in our country, that their attempts have been speedily suppressed. In this event, their leaders are banished to our frontiers to repel the invasion of barbarians who molest us, and clear the woods of wild beasts, while the humbler portion of them are condemned to work on the highways and public buildings. The use we here make of all those conquerors, who once desolated the old world with the sword, and filled happy countries with misery and blood, is to keep them at their favourite trade of war with savages and wild beasts. When in this warfare, they have expiated their former atrocities, become sickened at heart with the shedding of human blood, and completely reformed, it is the intention of our rulers to allow them the privileges and honours of citizenship.

A company of ladies now pressing forward to pay their respects to Mrs. Washington and her associates, Dr. Franklin bore me onwards through a crowd of the illustrious of all kinds, of good kings and princes, who had lived for the honour of their people, of philosophers, poets, authors, orators, painters, sculptors, clergymen, statesmen and warriors. On one hand I saw Newton, who had in his new state found time to marry the Lady Caroline, consort of George the first, formerly his great admirer; on another, Locke with his spouse, lady Masham, at whose hospitable mansion he had spent the last years of his life. Here was Dr. Samuel Johnson escorting Miss Hannah More, to whom he had been married a short time before, there was Pope with his former charmer, Mrs. Blount, and Dryden with Pope's mother, who had long been the mistress of his house, and had presented him several children, at whose union the great philosophical poet declared he had derived as great happiness as at any event which could have happened to him. In wandering through the rooms, I was successively struck with the heads of David and Solomon, of Cicero, of Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, and a long list of those venerable names which are uttered with enthusiasm by every learned tongue, and embalmed in every philanthropic heart. It would be an endless task to enter into a minute detail of the company present upon this ocoasion. Suffice it to say, it included all great

discoverers and promoters of science, all the eminent in letters, and all the great masters in the arts, as well as all who had filled the world with their renown by virtuous exertions in peace or war, in the cabinet or field, in church or state. I was peculiarly struck with the beautiful figure of Milton, with the head of Shakspeare, with the keen eye of Sophocles, and the almost angelic faces of Raphael and Michael Angelo, the expression of whose countenances seemed to give us an idea of embodied divinities. I had not time upon this occasion of a mere formal party attracted together by the head of the republic, to enter into conversation, save with a very few, or even to examine with accuracy their form and features. With some of them I shall render the reader more familiarly acquainted in the sequel. Suffice it to say for the present, that among all the distinguished classes, I found the claims of my countrymen duly acknowledged, and after taking my leave departed home with a rapture untried before.

CHAPTER VII.

A Visit to the Library.—Events in the Hotel.

UPON my return to the hotel, as I passed through the entry leading to my room, I was witness to a scene, which considering the notorious characters of the persons concerned, afforded me no small share of amusement. I saw two women, domestics of the house, whom I found to be Messalina, the former abandoned Empress of Rome, and the lady Macbeth of Shakspeare, engaged in furious battle with each other, and raising a tremendous caterwauling. Hair had been torn from each others head, bosoms were laid bare by being divested of their ornamental coverings, while blood was flowing profusely down upon their clothes from bruised noses and scratched faces. At the moment in which I approached, and was about to interfere, and attempt to offer overtures of pacification, Macbeth himself had arrived from the kitchen, of which he was chief cook, and separated the parties. It appeared, that the contest had arisen from reproachful language used by the two fallen Queens, the one accusing the other of the murder of her good King Duncan, and the other applying to Messalina all those epithets of dishonour, which however, well deserved, sound very harshly in a lady's ear, and awake very unfeminine emotions and passions. The only words that were heard by me, after I became a spectator of the Amazonian warfare, were the denial of Mrs. Macheth of having been so deeply involved in the murder of Duncan, as that

d—d English poet, she said, had represented her, as it had been committed by Macbeth himself to obtain the sovereignty. She declared, that if ever she met with that villain, Shakspeare, and had a fair opportunity, she would make him feel the weight of her hand, and his eyes be made the worse by the sharpness of her nails.

This scene led me into a train of moralizing reflections upon the singular destiny of man, and the immense advantages which result to mankind from virtue and the mischiefs produced by vice. If this sentiment had always been deeply impressed upon my mind in the lower world, how strongly is it here confirmed. What a change of condition for a King and Queen of Scotland, and a Roman Empress? The recollection of lost happiness, and perception of present abasement to such proud spirits must be extreme misery. And if their sufferings be such in this state of transmigration, what will be their torments in that general resurrection which is revealed to us in holy writ? Could mankind, I inwardly ejaculated, but witness what I see in this world, the glorious rewards which are distributed to virtue, and the pains inflicted upon vice, the fancy of a millenium would be realized upon earth.

As soon as I reached my room, I rang for a servant and inquired of him the direction to the city library, which having obtained, I proceeded to examine it, and spend the remaining hours of the morning in looking over some works of amusement and instruction. I found this establishment the largest of the kind I had ever beheld, containing many hundred thousand volumes of the choicest productions of human genius. The books were well bound, and conveniently arranged upon shelves, and the spacious rooms which contained them were crowded with gentlemen, who appeared to be deeply engaged in the perusal of different authors, and from whose expressive countenances and fine proportioned heads, as I was always somewhat of a phisiognomist, I concluded they were men of high pretensions in science and literature. Perceiving Dr. Franklin among the crowd, I soon made my way to him, and entering into conversation, he introduced me to Dr. Samuel Johnson, who stood next to him, and in company with this last venerable sage, I then traversed the library, engaged in animated discourse concerning the characteristics of the authors, whose works we successively reviewed. The following was the conversation which now passed between us, which as it was interesting to me at the time, may not be lightly estimated by the reader who is devoted to scientific and literary pursuits. As I did not exercise the

diligence, nor feel the enthusiasm of Boswell in collecting the very expressions of the great moralist, I can communicate only the substance of the dialogue, without retaining his peculiarities of style and language.

What do you think, doctor, said I, of the progress of science and literature, since your time? Do you admit that late writers have improved upon, or fallen short of the models set them by their predecessors?

Sir, replied he, since the days of Addison, Swift, Steele, and their contemporaries, as well as immediate predecessors in England, and the age of Lewis 14th, in France, taste has considerably declined, and authors, both in poetry and prose have exhibited much less perfect models. It would seem as if science and letters, like every other human thing, are subjected to regular laws by which they rise, grow to maturity and perfection, and then sink into declension, imbecility and decrepitude, and final downfall. There are philosophical causes to be assigned for these results. When men commence the cultivation of science and letters, having few aids to facilitate their progress, they have to undergo immense toil, to trust to their own resources, and ply their faculties with the utmost energy and assiduity to the task, and by these means the soundest and greatest works are produced. But when books are multitudinous, and the reading of mankind greatly diversified, instead of mastering a few studies by diligent application, their literary curiosity is occupied, and their minds effeminated by diversity of reading and superficial attainments. If in this condition of their understandings they attempt to write, it is but the reproduction of those ideas they have accumulated by cursory reading, or the endless crudities, whimsies, and follies which have sprung out of them.

Are not also, said I, effeminacy, affectation, refinement and excessive decoration, the natural results of an overflowing literature?

As natural, replied he, as excessive luxury is the product of exorbitant wealth in a nation, or as spiceries, high seasonings, and over-refinements in cookery, are the products of a superabundant larder and the choicest articles of living. Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, in poetry, Locke, Addison, Swift, and Bolingbroke, in prose, with their numerous coadjutors, supplied my country with all the legitimate ornaments of style, and the most finished specimens of composition; since that time, with many honourable exceptions, men of genius have been betrayed into every species of affectation, refinement and gaudy decoration.

At this moment, I took from the shelf, Gibbon's history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and said, what think you of this as a production of its kind? It is a work, replied he, of prodigious research, and of very uncommon merit, but I cannot approve of its artificial style and excessive embellishments. He seems to have been earnest and diligent in the quest of well established facts, while his fondness for elegant description and ornamental colouring, awake a natural suspicion of his accuracy in detail, and his disposition is but too apparent to sacrifice the naked truth to his desire of exhibiting specimens of fine writing. The historian should relate his facts and furnish all his materials of instruction, with the artless simplicity and perfect candour and impartiality of an honest man, who has no other object in view but to convey accurate information and sound lessons of wisdom. He detracts from our respect and confidence, as soon as he discovers an overweening propensity to indulge in rounded periods and highly finished delineations of character and events. Were the history of Mr. Gibbon reduced to one-half its bulk, and the information it contains conveyed in a neat, simple and intelligible style, it would be doubly increased in value. As it is, it has greatly contributed to the excessive fondness among late writers, for pomp of diction, flowery declamation, and meretricious beauty.

What do you think of the comparative claims of him and Mr. Hume?

The style of Mr. Hume is not subject to the exceptions which may be taken to those of Gibbon, but our best historians here impugn the accuracy of his knowledge in regard to the facts he details. His history of England, however, must be admitted to be a delightful performance. I could never peruse his other works with any kind of satisfaction, and his metaphysical productions are absolutely detestable—with a wonderful appearance of profundity, they are shallow and superficial. He tries to puzzle his readers with difficulty and obscurity, where plain common sense would render all as clear as daylight. An able writer is one who brings light out of obscurity, and not, he who casts obscurity into that which is clear. I will give you an instance, in which Mr. Hume presents a show of deep penetration, while, in fact, those who are versed in the subject which he speaks, know that he only reveals his own ignorance and imbecility. After disparaging his own taste and sound understanding by an undervaluation of Locke, he says of Newton, that while he "seemed to draw off the veil from some of the mysteries of nature, he showed at the same time the imperfections of the

mechanical philosophy, and thereby restored her ultimate secrets to that obscurity in which they ever did and ever will remain." This is flourishing phraseology, but by no means a just observation. How did Newton's system of gravitation show the imperfection of the mechanical philosophy? It rather disclosed to us its wonderful power and perfection, as it brought us acquainted with the solar system. Will it be said, that Hume means to affirm, that while Newton discovered the true system of nature, he acknowledged himself unable to deduce the cause of gravitation, and thus revealed the imperfection of the mechanical philosophy, and restored this ultimate secret of nature to that obscurity in which it ever did and ever will remain? But Newton himself did not think the cause of gravitation an ultimate secret of nature, which could never be discovered, since in one of his queries, he suggests, that it may be occasioned by a thin elastic fluid, pervading the whole system, and reaching to the very centre of the sun and planets. The great discovery of Newton, therefore, not only seemed to do so, but did certainly draw off the veil from some of the mysteries of nature, while so far from disclosing the imperfection, it unfolded the amazing power of the mechanical philosophy—nor did his system restore any of the ultimate secrets of nature to that obscurity in which they must always lie buried, since the impossibility of comprehending these by the perspicacity of the human mind, has always been recognized by philosophers.

Here, said I, turning from this discussion concerning history, what is the estimation in which you Saturnian literati hold the works of the most popular of all our recent authors, Sir Walter Scott?

That we must leave to the decision of Mr. Pope and Mr. Richardson, replied the doctor, both of whom, the poet and novelist, now approached and were introduced to my acquaintance. What is your opinion, Mr. Pope, of Sir Walter Scott, as a poet? He has opened all the sluices, surely, of popularity in his time, and his numerous pieces have been devoured with unexampled avidity.

I am not surprised at his success, answered the great philosophical poet. He has a fine imagination, and most excellent moral feelings. The contributions which he made to literature are of that light, romantic, and agreeable kind, which captivate a much larger class of readers than the more solid and instructive performances of the muse. I cannot say that his poems afford me a high gratification. They are too wild, discursive, and marvellous for my taste.—I desire

more substantial nutriment to feed the understanding. He has, however, thrown the wild legends of his country, and all their superstitious follies, into attractive shapes, and to those who seek only amusement, he has furnished a pungent and delicious repast.

Do you think that he ought to be ranked among the greatest poets of England, as he is undoubtedly, by his countrymen and contemporaries?

Pope.—That I cannot say. Poets, like other classes of writers and great men, ought to be divided into different orders, according to their several degrees of merit. From the time of Horace, it has been a received maxim, that to entitle an author to the highest honours of his vocation, he must unite the useful with the agreeable. He whose supreme purpose is to amuse or entertain, although having a fair claim to his share of praise, as in order to accomplish this much he must be endowed with uncommon parts, but surely can never be regarded as entering into competition with him, who aims at enlightening the understanding with the finest lessons of wisdom, confirms mankind in the principles of virtue, supplies them with the richest treasures of thought, and softens and improves their moral feelings. I consider Sir Walter, therefore, as holding a high rank among the second grade of poets, but having no pretensions to a place among the first. What think you, Mr. Richardson, of his rank as a novelist? It is your province to settle that controversy. I consider him as holding the same rank in prose, returned Mr. Richardson, as you have assigned him in poetry. His novels are impressed with the same characteristic traits as his poetic compositions, and the first are nearly transcripts or copies of the last. In no attempt has he compassed my full idea of a novelist. The just conception of a novel is, that it is a comprehensive fable, intended to convey good moral lessons for the improvement of mankind, through the machinery of characters and incidents, a regular plan of action, and faithful delineations of human life and manners. Without a useful moral import, it is nothing worth. Separate from the purpose of admonition and instruction, it is as idle and unmeaning an effort of genius, as it would have been in Esop, to set his beasts and birds into conversation, without aiming at his morals. Such conversations might furnish diversion to the ignorant and illiterate, even more diversion than his present fables, but to men of sense, must ever be contemptible.

But, has not Sir Walter attained this end, I interposed? May not moral instructions be extracted from his romances?

Richardson answered, undoubtedly the reader may sometimes perform this useful office for himself, but what I complain of is, that this is never the purpose of the writer. His intent is to amuse, excite, and interest, absorb attention and agitate the heart—and when these effects are produced, his end seems to be fulfilled. It would appear, when he wrote, as if his great object was to multiply his readers, and reap emolument from his pen. *Le Sage*, in the commencement of his *Gil Blas*, has given a correct idea of a good novel. Without moral meaning, all its characters and events may be interesting, but it wants the soul of the licentiate.

This is sound doctrine, said Dr. Johnson, and expresses my opinion. And I say, moreover, that every novel should exhibit one hero, who is a model of virtue, upon which mankind may form their characters. In perusing a work of fiction, the heart naturally looks out for such an example upon which to fix its affection and the understanding to command its approbation, and if this be found wanting, it first experiences disappointment, and then has a tendency to become reconciled with imperfect characters, and slide into an admiration of villains with some shining properties. On this account, without wishing to put Mr. Richardson's modesty to the blush, I have always regarded his *Sir Charles Grandison*, and *Clarissa Harlow*, as the noblest productions of this kind that ever issued from the press in any age or country. Next to these is the *Gil Blas* of *Le Sage*, and the most abominable abortion is the *Eloise* of *Rousseau*. The settled purpose of this last fiction is to debauch the heart, and pervert the understanding of the reader through the influence of the imagination and the passions. His *Eloise* is fitted only for brothels, and his *Emilius*, could form our young men into nothing but pedants, profligates, and fools. But, Sir Walter Scott, said I, must be absolved from all charges as to his purity, chastity, and morality—except some profane language in his letters. He has not written a line, which, in dying, he need wish to blot. And how shall we account for his amazing success, except by supposing the extraordinary excellence of his pieces? He interested alike the ignorant and learned, the humble and the great, the rich and poor.

Richardson.—His extraordinary popularity, presents *prima facie* evidence of his talents, and talents he unquestionably had, but it does not prove the nature of his properties as a writer, or as certain the rank he should hold among authors. Accidental circumstances may give a wonderful currency to works for a time, but this does not determine the verdict which will be pronounced upon them by posterity.

The very faults and blemishes of authors may sometimes communicate to them an evanescent popularity, while nothing but solid merit can give them permanent reputation. Sir Walter Scott, Byron and others, opened a new mine in literature, and the metal which they extracted circulated widely; but this consideration instead of determining the value of the ore, is rather a presumption, that it is not of the most rare and exquisite species. Gold is not apt to pass so rapidly through many hands. The writers in England who preceded Scott and Byron, had supplied the market with the choicest specimens in every species of composition, both in poetry and prose. The public taste had been sated with the best possible fare, and an appetite for novelty had been excited. This appetite was gratified by the wild and grotesque tales of Scott, and the gloomy fatalism of Byron. That kind of sustenance which their sober predecessors would have rejected and repudiated, was caught up by these and so compounded and prepared as to be suited to the vitiated taste of the public. The effect of such productions is like that of ardent spirits, most exhilarating and enchanting, at the outset, but deleterious in their ultimate results. You see the proof of this observation, in the utter neglect into which the greatest productions of England have sunk for a time. The solid works of literature lie idly upon the shelves of booksellers, while the recent performances are found in every hand. I will venture, however, to predict that this state of things will not long endure, nature and good sense will soon resume their rights, and the finest models will dethrone the usurpers. The decisions of fashion, and perverted judgment rapidly pass away, but those of truth and nature are permanent and immutable.

You will, nevertheless, resumed I, allow the purity, morality, and good religious tendency of Scott's works, for, as for Byron's, although I admit his genius, yet I cannot tolerate his cold and heartless discontent and querulousness?

Richardson.—I am not so sure of that neither. Sir Walter was, no doubt, an excellent man, and a delightful private companion. But I cannot perceive in him that steady attachment to truth, morals, and pure religion, which he evidently entertained for his king, and country. In describing as he does, with so much vivacity, the manners of that barbarous and superstitious age, from which he draws the materials of his works—it appears to me, there is no little danger of his transplanting the remnant seeds of those barbarous eras into the soil of refinement and civilization. He has too great a tendency to reconcile our minds to the follies and

corruptions of monkery, popery, and superstition, by interweaving them into his story, and recommending them by all the charms of poetry and embellishments of fancy. It may be doubted, too, whether the morals and manners of our youth will not be deteriorated, by becoming familiarized to the contemplation under the most attractive drapery, of the rude manners, the furious passions, and atrocious revenges of highland chieftains. I cannot but think, that after the perusal of pieces in which these scenes of savage ferocity are so strikingly exhibited, our young men would feel more prone to revenge, would insist more strenuously upon the point of honour, our people be more propelled to war, plunder, havoc and devastation—and the bold marauder and lawless depredator upon public or private property, would feel his compunctions of conscience in no slight degree softened and assuaged. The former efforts of novelists, were directed to humanize mankind, and work them up to the highest delicacy and refinement of christain principle, late ones would seem to aim at bringing them back to the sentiments and principles of vice and savagism.

Here we were interrupted in our dialogue, by the presence of some strange faces in our part of the library, and Dr. Johnson, after informing me, that he expected Messrs. Addison, Swift, and Richardson, to dine with him, politely invited me to join them, which proposal I cheerfully accepted, and we separated until that time.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dinner with Dr. Johnson.

IN the interval between my return to my room, and the hour of four at which I was to dine with the venerable moralist, I renewed the perusal of that edition of my favourite Shakspeare, which I had before taken from the book-case. Upon more nice examination of this new impression of this great performance, I discovered that Shakspeare had devoted that case to its correction, improvement, and expurgation from impurities, which he had singularly neglected during life, and thus freed it from those blemishes which his judicious friends regretted to observe, and his hypocritical enemies delighted to blazon—not a word or thought was now found in it, to which the most delicate lady could object. Even John Falstaff was made to retain his wit, and indulge his license without an offence to modesty. In fact, as I afterwards understood and personally experienced, the polite

citizens of Saturnia, would not endure the slightest indecency upon the stage. Hence, most of the English comedies of the two last centuries have either been totally altered by their authors, or absolutely excluded from the theatres frequented by the highest classes of society, and confined to the coarsest portions of the vulgar. The theatre of Saturnia affords so chaste and elevated an enjoyment that it has become a school of virtue, and is an indulgence which the most scrupulous christain need not deny himself. Garrick, Roscius, Talma, Mrs. Siddons, and all the most celebrated performers, personate the principal characters of the drama, more for their own gratification and that of the public, than from any prospect of emolument, since the provision made for them by the state is ample, and they enjoy all the advantages which wealth, dignity and independence can bestow. Genius of all kinds when connected with moral excellence, never fails in this republic, to command universal respect and promotion. Not only the great dramatic writers, in consequence, are held in the highest estimation, but distinguished performers, are familiarly admitted into the best company, and partake of the highest honours. This circumstance has elevated the character of the profession, and purified the stage from those indecencies and obscenities by which in Europe and America it has been at all times disgraced.

After finishing the tragedy of Othello thus expurgated, I departed to fulfil my engagement to Dr. Johnson. I found him situated in the suburbs of the city, in a beautiful dwelling, with a tastefully improved court-yard in front, and in the rear, walks judiciously shaded by trees, and interspersed with shrubbery and ornamental plants. His whole house, furniture and appurtenances, were congenial to the taste and habits of a scholar. I found that Mrs. Johnson, Miss Hannah Moore, besides the company before mentioned, had united to them Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, her former friend, and the poet, Mr. Coleridge, with whose wild rhapsodies in conversation, she and the doctor had been much amused, since his arrival in these realms. I was soon acquainted with the whole party, and as it was entirely literary, great freedom and ease were indulged in conversation. The Dean cracked his jokes, Addison embellished all his observations with his chastened fancy, Richardson entertained us with interesting stories, Johnson propounded his maxims of wisdom, and Coleridge sparkled with his glittering paradoxes to the infinite diversion, not unmixed I thought with some contempt, of the learned assembly at table. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Montague, gave new life and poignancy to all the wit and plea-

santry which issued from every quarter. I congratulated the ladies upon the circumstance that they could now renew the pleasures of the "blue-stocking club," with numerous advantages, as their supply of the learned and great was inexhaustible. At the mention of this club, Dr. Johnson and the rest laughed heartily, and said, it seemed that this assembly had become celebrated, since its fame had extended to the wilds of America. Oh! said I, doctor, we must not imagine that the Americans are so illiterate as to be unacquainted with the great productions of England and France, as well as of Greece and Rome. Some among them, read with great avidity the works of yourself, Mr. Addison, Mr. Richardson, and all present, not forgetting the ladies, who are held in the highest estimation among them.

Johnson.—How happens it, then, that their taste is so crude and imperfect? I am told by those who have lately arrived from your country, that the finest works of England and France lie and rot upon the shelves of your booksellers, while recent publications of vastly inferior merit are widely circulated. From what I can understand, your countrymen are in the condition in which the Scotch nation were at the time of my visit to the Highlands, as I then remarked, they all have a little of science and literature, but none take a full meal.

Prospero.—There is too much truth in the observation; but our republic, although a great nation, is yet but a gigantic infant, and in time it will ripen into greatness and magnificence. Education is largely extended among us, and a thirst for reading is widely diffused. It is not to be denied that the taste which prevails is too generally satisfied with the lighter productions of genius, such as novels, tales, and periodical journals—the crudest offspring of the press, but I am in hopes that, imperfect as is this beginning, it is the dawn of a better day. As the nation advances, there will arise a demand for more thoroughly educated men, the relish for crudity and light literature will decline, and more solid works circulate. If our taste is as yet imperfect, that of Europe is declining. Let our rulers once set themselves into active exertion to make provision for the sciences, letters, and the arts, and never did they make more rapid progress among a people than they will among us. I suppose science, learning, and taste, have attained to the highest perfection in Saturnia.

Swift.—Yes, in general, the taste is excellent in this city, and a sound science is cultivated; but we are not without our Charlatans in learning, as well as our empirics in medicine.

Martinus Scriblerus, and a numerous family of the Scribleri, inhabit the lower part of the town, and infest us with their crudities, whimsies, and fooleries. A visit to their multifarious establishment will afford you infinite diversion.

I shall be glad, said I, to enjoy that satisfaction; but, I presume, they can have very little influence among so distinguished a community. Here are, however, always some among mankind who prefer crudities and whimsies in science to sound and wholesome doctrines, and the fripperies and false ornaments in writing to its genuine beauties. On the contrary, I have found my highest satisfaction, at all times, in the contemplation of solid excellence, and the most exalted talents. I cannot describe the enthusiasm of delight which I experienced this morning in the consciousness that I was in the presence of Newton and of Locke, whom I have always regarded as the greatest of human beings.

Here Coleridge, who had hitherto appeared absorbed within his own reflections, broke forth into one of his rhapsodies: "Newton! I allow that Newton was a great genius, and so was Galileo; but it would take two or three Newtons and Galileos to make one Kepler." Here the whole party broke into laughter; and Swift exclaimed, This reminds me of the great discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus. He is perpetually depreciating the merits of Newton, and insists that he has lighted upon some facts which supersede the theory of gravitation. His mares' nests, however, when examined, are without eggs.

Johnson.—And what, sir, is it that leads you thus to elevate Kepler above Newton? You must have imbibed this fallacy in Germany, from whose mystical philosophy I should be sorry that my countrymen should vitiate and becloud their vigorous science. Without seeming to notice them, Coleridge proceeded: "It is the order of Providence that the inventive generative, constitutive mind—the Kepler—should come first; and then, that the patient and collective mind—the Newton—should follow, and elaborate the pregnant queries and illumine the guesses of the former. The laws of the planetary system are, in fact, due to Kepler. There is not a more glorious achievement of scientific genius upon record than Kepler's guesses, prophecies, and ultimate apprehension of the law of the mean distances of the planets, as connected with the periods of their revolutions round the sun. Gravitation, too, he had fully conceived, but because it seemed inconsistent with some received observations on light, he gave it up in allegiance, as he says, to nature. Yet, the idea vexed and haunted his mind—*Vexat me, et lacescit*—are his words,

I believe." When the speaker paused, the audience, who seemed hitherto to have suppressed, with some effort, their sense of ridicule, burst forth into a loud and continued laughter.

When the merriment subsided, Mr. Addison remarked: This is perfect heresy in Saturnia, Mr. Coleridge; and if you should broach such an idea in the philosophical society, you might be put to the rack of an inquisitor, since no such atrocious punishments are known here, but your sensibility would be put to the rack by the severity of the animadversions to which you would be subjected in that learned body. Kepler, who is a member of that association, would permit no such pretensions to be made in his behalf. They allow his exalted claims, but not one of them would admit that any of his achievements, or guesses, or prophecies, in any degree detracts from the superlative glory of Newton.

Johnson.—When Kepler proved that the squares of the times in which the planets move in their orbits are as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun, he accomplished an important step in astronomical science. And by his conjecture that there was an attraction towards each other prevalent among them, he showed the acutest discernment; but what had this law or this conjecture to do with the system of gravitation demonstrated by Newton? He might have pored over this suggestion forever, and have vexed his spirit with it until its strength was exhausted, before it would have entered his mind, that the same force moves the planet in its sphere that draws the body downwards to the earth, or have demonstrated its truth after the conjecture had entered into his mind.

Swift.—With your leave, therefore, Mr. Coleridge, we will put this declaration upon the same shelf with the discovery of the longitude by Whiston and Detton, or consign it to the box of rarities so often exhibited in the workshop of the renowned Martin and his auxiliaries.

Coleridge.—I insist upon it that Newton was not the greatest man that ever lived. "It would take many Newtons even to make a Milton."

Swift.—A Milton! Ah! there you have hit the nail upon the head. He never wrote such a poem as the *Ilaid*, or *Aenied*, or *Paradise Lost*. This is true; but he would be regarded as a miserable economist or financier who should attempt to determine, by their weight, the relative value of gold, silver, and brass. Newton and Milton both attained the highest eminence in their kinds of intellectual excellence. To determine, therefore, who was the greater man, we must not

compare the individuals themselves, but the degree of value in that species of genius which they severally displayed. What say you of that, gentlemen? addressing himself to Dr. Johnson, Addison, and Richardson.

Richardson.—Undoubtedly he who by pure reason or understanding extends our acquaintance with nature and its laws, ought to obtain a preference over him, who, by the most finished productions of imagination, entertains and instructs us at the same time. The first effort assimilates us more to the Deity by revealing to us a knowledge of his works, the last only decorates what is already known with the attractive drapery of fancy. When we are ascribing perfections to God, and endeavouring to form a compound idea of infinite excellence, we never think of incorporating into it the ingredient of a perfect imagination, but that of infinite wisdom or omniscience. Great works of pure reason, must, then, ever be regarded as greatly superior to those of imagination, however transcendent their excellence and exquisite the entertainment they furnish the mind. Imagination is rather a dangerous and seductive faculty, which may be rendered as subservient to vice as subsidiary to virtue; but reason, when rightly ordered, is a pure and intense light, under whose illumination we may walk with safety, and which, at every step in our progress under its guidance brings us in nearer approximation to the Deity.

Mrs. Johnson.—Well, that is a view of the superiority in works of the understanding over those of imagination, which is new to me, and yet appears sound and conclusive. Mrs. Montague and the gentlemen assented to this declaration.

What think you, in Saturnia, I continued, of the pretensions of Mr. Locke? I have always considered him, for the same reason, as second only to Newton, in his scientific claims, if, indeed, he can be deemed second to any one.

Johnson.—That is the rank he still holds among us. We all consider him and Newton, as the two unrivalled philosophers. The first carried the method of Bacon into the science of mind, and the last into the science of matter.

Addison.—During my lifetime, the speculations of Mr. Locke were regarded as among the most sound and ingenious that were ever furnished in the history of philosophy; and his authority upon the subjects he investigated deemed oracular. I have found no sufficient reason to alter the opinion I expressed about them in the Spectator, although I have read the works in which his principles are impugned, and his pretensions disparaged. I strongly suspect that he has been

undervalued by late writers from their want of discernment to comprehend him.

Swift.—What say you now of Mr. Locke, of whom you have heard Mr. Addison express so favourable an opinion?—Do you undervalue him as much as Newton?

Coleridge.—Mr. Locke was, undoubtedly, an extraordinary man; but, as a metaphysician, he did not penetrate as deeply as the Germans. Kant accomplished what he relinquished in despair.

Johnson.—Pray, let us know, what was accomplished by Kant and the German metaphysicians, which was left unattempted by Mr. Locke.

Coleridge.—Mr. Locke stopped at that “spontaneous consciousness,” which is known to the vulgar; and did not dive into “philosophical consciousness,” which lies much deeper, and is concealed from the common eye—that “consciousness of which all reasoning is the varied modification, and which is the reflex of conscience when most luminous.” As the Romans divided their territories into the Cisalpine and Trans-alpine Gaul, so the Germans divide our consciousness into the spontaneous and philosophical; the first perceptible to every person of common understanding—the other to be perceived only by the discriminating judgment of the philosopher.

Here, again, the company were excited into merriment.

Swift.—And, I suppose, as the Romans had hard fighting to get possession of Trans-alpine Gaul, so we must contend stoutly to obtain access to this philosophic consciousness, of which all reasoning is the varied modification, and which is the reflex of conscience when most luminous. Verily, I am not at all surprised that Locke did not obtain a vision of this Trans-alpine region. It must be too cloudy a territory to be descried by any thing but the eagle-eye of a German metaphysician, and he must attain it by a kind of second sight.

Coleridge.—I insist that philosophy, properly so called, began with Pythagoras. He saw the mind, in the common sense of the word, as itself a fact, that there was something in the mind not individual; this was the pure reason, something in which we are, not which is in us.

Swift.—If I understand you rightly, then, the mind is a fact, and in that fact is something not an individual, which is pure reason; and this pure reason is not in us, but we subsist in it. If this be German metaphysics keep me from travelling through its clouds and smoke, whether it be found in Cis-alpine or Trans-alpine Gaul. Here the company indulged their laugh.

Mrs. Montague.—Mr. Coleridge must not decry Mr. Locke

in the presence of us ladies. We are his great admirers; and upon many subjects, especially metaphysics, for the study and right comprehension of which we never disputed.

Richardson.—I must confess that Mr. Locke is, also, my oracle upon all these topics, for the study and right comprehension of which I have a strong inclination, since they serve to unfold the principles of human nature; and I should like to know the opinions he entertains concerning the works which have been written since his time in Scotland, France, and Germany, upon metaphysics.

At this moment of our conversation Mr. Coleridge plead a positive engagement at this hour; and after apologizing to the ladies and the Dr., with amiable politeness, left the room; and, at the same instant, to my great delight, entered the very Mr. Locke of whom we had been speaking. After accounting to the ladies for his late appearance at the party, alleging, as his excuse, a sudden indisposition of Mrs. Locke, he took his seat at table, and with that grace and politeness for which he was remarkable, glided into the stream of conversation,

Mrs. Johnson.—Before you entered, Mr. Locke, we were listening to Mr. Coleridge's opinions about some metaphysical points, which we all thought, I believe, he rather obscured than elucidated by his German representations and illustrations of them. We wish to know what you think of German, French, and Scotch metaphysics.

Locke.—My dear madam, I have not much to say in commendation of any of them. During my lifetime, and in the letters which passed between me and my friend Mr. Molyneux, we both agreed that the great Leibnitz, who, you know, is second only to Newton in mathematics, had a very imperfect comprehension of the science of the mind. All the doctrines which have been broached upon it in Germany, no doubt, had their origin in the opinions of this extraordinary man. From him they derive their system of the pure reason, which reason or understanding they suppose to generate ideas without the intervention of the senses. They have, however, run his system into preposterous absurdities, which, I presume, so clear and powerful an intellect as his could never approve. As they commence in an assumption which rests upon no facts, this circumstance has naturally led them more and more deeply into error, until at length all their metaphysics, that of Kant and the rest, has been mere clouds and smoke. They set off with deserting the track of experience and observation; and as was to be expected, wander into more and more dubious paths at every step in their progress.

Mrs. Johnson.—What do you think, then, of the French and Scotch metaphysics?

Locke.—The first French school, or that of Condellau and his coadjutors, perverted my doctrine of our ideas commencing in the operations of sense, and confined them too exclusively to the senses; and the second, or that of Cousin, is too much tinctured with the German mysticism. The Scotch have written handsome disquisitions, but are no metaphysicians.—They have merely misunderstood and misrepresented my doctrines.

Prospero.—But what is your opinion of Coleridge? He has spent some time in Germany, and returned to England to enlighten the nation with great German inventions and discoveries. His is the latest stamp and improvement of the recent metaphysics, and among many readers he has attained great reputation.

Locke.—That is a matter of utter astonishment to me. His prose works are the greatest crudities and most unintelligible jargon that I ever remember to have read. They say he is an amiable man and respectable poet, but never could any person of his genius and attainments have written worse in prose. What say you of his poetry, Messrs. Addison and Swift?

Addison.—He has, unquestionably, some of the finest properties of the poet, but he is without others which are indispensable to the great poet. His imagination is fertile and his feelings strong, but he is deficient in taste and judgment. His smaller pieces in verse, are some of them, excellent, and his translations from the German are well finished; but he is much too fond of the improbable and horrible. His Ancient Mariner, the most celebrated of his poems, is an odious monstrosity without verisimilitude, moral import, or any thing but its measure and gigantisque imagery to recommend it.

Locke.—To convince you of the justness of my criticism upon his prose writings, I will give you some extracts from his conversations, as detailed by his biographer, which I have read to-day, for the first time. As I always read with pen in hand, and have just perused this work, let me hear your comments upon the sentiments expressed in my extracts. He seems, to me, to have wished to perform the part of an humble imitator, or, perhaps, rival of Dr. Johnson, and his biographer to become a Boswell. But, he should have recollect ed that there is the widest difference between uttering in conversation the finest lessons of wisdom, and indulging the most crude and incoherent rhapsodies. I have often thought that many of the sayings and conversations of

Dr. Johnson, as reported by Boswell, might be made the materials of excellent disquisitions in their illustration and enforcement, but scarcely any opinions of Coleridge are well founded; and, in general, they are as ridiculous paradoxes as could be well imagined. That they are at all relished or tolerated in England or America is to me unaccountable.

Mrs. Montague.—Let us, then, have some sport in their review and exposure.

Locke.—Observe his shining sayings in the order in which they are stated by the writer of his life and great admirer. In the very first page, he says—"Othello must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief."

Johnson.—It would require no Solomon to teach us that; for, none but a dunce would have conceived of him as a negro.

Locke.—But hear him proceed, "Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it rather to be an agony that the creature whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless."

Johnson.—Nonsense! What is all this emotion or agony, as he calls it, but one symptom of jealousy? Surely, jealousy is the very complex passion on which is the subject of the drama, and Othello discovers it to the very core. It entered like fire into his vitals.

Locke.—"There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed."

Johnson.—The very opposite. Nothing could be more fiery and irregular than all his feelings. Majestic his character is, but it is the majesty of a volcano. Pass on to something less absurd. The man wishes to think differently from all other persons.

Locke.—"In the scene with Ophelia, in the third act, Hamlet is beginning with great and unfeigned tenderness; but, perceiving her reserve and coyness, fancies there are some listeners, and then, to sustain his part, breaks into all that coarseness."

Addison.—This is certainly a ridiculous and farfetched conceit. Then Hamlet, when putting on his dress in so slovenly a manner must have anticipated that there would be lookers on!

Mrs. Johnson.—Besides, nothing could be more natural than the distracted manners of Hamlet, after he had been repelled from his mistress in obedience to Polonius' instructions, and had his mind thrown into a whirl by beholding his father's ghost, and hearing his tremendous revelations. He

wished, too, at the time, to impress upon Ophelia the belief that he was deranged, and thus promote the delusion he intended to practise.

Locke.—You begin to perceive the wisdom of this table talk, which is widely circulated. Hear him upon a more serious and solemn subject—"In the trinity there is, 1. Ipseity; 2. Alterity; 3. Community. You express the formula thus:

God, the absolute will or identity—Prothesis. The Father—Thesis. The Son—Antithesis. The Holy Spirit—Synthesis.

Swift.—This is too absurd to be endured. The man's brain is diseased beyond all possibility of cure. Let him be condemned to the workshop of Martinus Scriblerus and Horatius B. Scriblerus.

Mrs. Montague.—What can he mean by such dark and incomprehensible terms?

Johnson.—He means that he is a motley fool.

Locke (reads).—"Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful seems to me a poor thing; and what he says upon taste, is neither profound nor accurate."

Johnson.—There he shows that he has not studied or understood Burke. That is an excellent performance. Although all his maxims may not be just nor his arguments conclusive, yet there is great originality and force in his views, and taken all together it is an admirable treatise, and worthy of the scholar and philosopher.

Locke.—Shakspeare is the spinozistic deity—an omnipresent creativeness. Milton is the deity of prescience; he stands *ab extra*, and drives a fiery chariot and four; making the horses feel the iron curb which holds them in."

Here all burst into a loud laugh; and Richardson exclaimed, "Bombastic nonsense!"

Locke.—"I have no doubt whatever that Homer is a mere concrete name for the rhapsodies of the Iliad. Of course there was a Homer and twenty-five besides. I will engage to compile twelve books, with characters just as distinct and consistent as those in the Iliad, from the metrical ballads and other chronicles of England, about Arthur and the knights of the round table."

Johnson.—He stole this crudity from the Germans, and yet the robbery would not pay the cost of transportation. It would be more wonderful that the Iliad should have been composed by many authors, than that it was the product of a single extraordinary genius. He would have found a most intractable subject in his attempt with the stories of Arthur and the knights of the round table.

Locke.—"Swift was *anima Rabelaisei in sicco*—the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place."

While reading this, Locke looked slyly at the Dean, who completely bounced in his seat, exclaiming, What does the fool mean? Does he mean to say that my wit is as barren as a dry ground? At this we all burst into merriment; and Mr. Locke, continued, advertising the Dean that the next sentence would afford him some amends for this insinuation.—"Yet Swift was rare. Can any thing beat his remark on King William's motto. *Recepit, non rapuit.* That the receiver was as bad as the thief?" The recollection caused the Dean to join heartily in the laugh, declaring that this was the only good thing the rogue had said, and he did not think he had sense enough to have perceived the force of his humour upon that occasion.

Locke.—"I believe that Aristotle never could get to understand what Plato meant by an idea."

Mrs. Johnson.—Is that true, Mr. Locke?

Locke.—I doubt it not for the very sufficient reason, that Plato never understood himself. Lest I should tire you with these fooleries, I shall read but a single passage more. What do you think ladies, of the following criticism—"I confess I doubt the Homeric genuineness of *δαρμάς γενεσίς*; it sounds to me much more like a prettiness of Bion or Moschus." When Homer represents Adromache as smiling amidst her tears upon receiving her little son, Astyanax, into her arms from the hands of Hector, just as he is leaving Troy to encounter the dangers of the field, would you not consider it a beautiful conception?

Mrs. Johnson.—Certainly, one of the finest touches of nature that can be imagined.

Locke.—So think I, madam, and I presume no one present will dispute the point. Such are the conversations of Mr. Coleridge, and his metaphysics are still worse. Any one who shall follow him as a guide in thinking, will fill his head with crudities, vitiate his habits of reasoning, confound all his conceptions of men and things, and so dim and becloud his understanding, as to unfit it altogether for the perception of truth and nature.

The conversation, henceforth, took a more free and liberal turn, and I remarked, that I had a great curiosity to become personally acquainted with all the most illustrious men whose names I had so greatly venerated, and more especially, those who had signalized themselves by scientific and literary attainments, or by excellence in the elegant arts. Where shall I get access to Bacon, Clarke, Warburton, and the long list of

authors whose works I have perused with admiration? How is Lord Verulam, continued I, who has delivered so many invaluable maxims of all kinds, and whose new instrument of investigation led to all the improvements in modern science?

Addison.—He is a near neighbour of mine, and you will find in him all that you can anticipate, as great and interesting, and will experience no difficulty in obtaining a familiar acquaintance with him. The great men of Saturnia expect to derive no additional respect and attention from their gravity, reverse and disturbance of manners, nor from airs of haughtiness and superciliousness. You must have remarked in your country, that true greatness, especially when acknowledged by others, sits easily upon a man, softens down his pride, and disposes him to kindness and affability. Each distinguished person in this republic, being truly great, becomes a model of genuine greatness in his unaffected deportment, and affable conversation.

Prospero.—Do you know, how Bacon and Aristotle now think about the true method of science, or whether they consider their methods the same? In other words, was Aristotle acquainted with the Baconian method of investigation? This is a controversy which has been maintained lately in the schools, and I should like to know what these philosophers themselves think upon the subject.

Locke.—I can give you the information you desire, for in our discussions in the metaphysical society, I have heard them speak about this point with great modesty and candour. Bacon acknowledged, that Aristotle oftentimes resorted to the use of his method, and Aristotle with equal frankness, and ingenuousness allowed, that the sublime hint had never occurred to him, that all our science of nature should rest solely upon an observation of facts—that our principles should keep exact pace with our experiments, and that the grand instrument of advancing our knowledge, is not the art of logic alone, but an ample collection of facts upon which to ground our conclusions.

Mrs. Johnson.—This mode of speaking of themselves and others, is honourable to philosophers and really great men, and suited to the calm and noble spirit of the profession.

Addison.—I am told, that in a similar manner, Newton and Leibnitz have settled their controversy concerning the first invention of fluxions or the differential calculus. They have found that their invention was original in both, and suggested to each one at nearly the same time. This I can readily believe, since I have remarked that in every case in

which any great discovery was made in science, or any great improvement in art, that science and art was previously verging towards it, the light was dawning in the intellectual world, and it required only the rising of a brighter orb than any which before subsisted to render the truth visible. Hence the eternal propensity of small minds in the gratification of envy, to deny to great discoverers in science and inventions in the arts, the full glory of their achievements. Thus has envy and jealousy assayed to dim the honours of Harvey, of Copernicus, of Columbus, of Fulton, and even of Newton, besides having blotted from the records of history the immortal name of the inventor of alphabetical characters.

Prospero.—I have mentioned the names of Dr. Samuel Clarke and Bishop Warburton, and I have been greatly interested with their works, I am anxious to know their condition in this city. Clarke I have always regarded as the most brilliant light of the church, and Warburton, although not so remarkable for his reasoning powers, yet greatly distinguished by the extent of his learning, the poignancy of his wit, and the fertility of his invention.

Johnson.—They are both amply provided for in our church, and still held in deserved veneration; as well as in the enjoyment of the highest degree of domestic happiness.

Prospero.—What do you think, Mr. Locke, of Dr. Clarke's argument concerning the being and attributes of God? It has become quite fashionable in recent times to decry the whole demonstration *a priori*, and by repeated attacks upon it they may be said to have brought it into temporary eclipse, but what say you, gentlemen of Saturnia upon so interesting a topic.

Locke.—Finding from the reports and works brought to us from the other world, that this mode of demonstration was becoming an object of distrust and disparagement, we subjected it to discussion in our Metaphysical Society, and after a thorough sifting of its merits, we came in substance to the following conclusions. That Dr. Clarke had no sufficient ground for his first proposition, that prior to all being, we have in our minds the conception of a necessity of existence, but that the argument commences, or should commence in the actual existence of the universe at this time; and upon this assumption, as a foundation is built, the conclusion that some being must have always existed, and all other inferences which arise out of this. We did not allow that, strictly speaking, there was any demonstration simply *a priori* since the argument must commence in the existence of something now, or *a posteriori* but that after this fact is admitted, we pro-

ceed sometimes in the *a priori* road, and at other times in that *a posteriori*, in order to arrive at our ultimate conclusions. For instance, we decided, that many of the attributes of God could be proved only by the one method, while others could be inferred only in the other method. Therefore, we were of opinion that with the exception I have stated, Clarke's demonstration of the Being and attributes of God, or something equivalent to it, is as solid as adamant, and will remain so forever, but that there should be no such distinctions as have been made in the proofs, since they are in their nature one, complete and indivisible. I take it, then, that recent writers who have discredited the force of this argument, have shown only their own unfitness for such disquisitions, and imperfect comprehension of the subject. They might as readily attempt to invalidate the evidence of Euclid's Elements, or of Newton's Principia.

Prospero.—I am gratified that the decisions of this able and learned council, so exactly correspond with my own opinions. I must appeal to Dr. Swift, I presume, to ascertain the sentiment here prevailing, in regard to Bishop Warburton's demonstration of the divine legation of Moses.

Swift.—I think, that work should be denominated, an attempt to demonstrate every thing, except the divine legation of Moses.

Locke.—That is an animadversion to which that author has subjected himself by his mode of treating his subject, rather than by any deficiency in his argument. After he has commenced his disquisitions, he seems to have found himself so delightfully entertained amidst the fields of literature into which he is insensibly transported, that he loses sight of his great purpose, and in this way finishes a long work without reaching his conclusion or third proposition, which was the most important of all. I am of opinion however, that when rightly balanced there is more weight in his reasoning than has been generally conceded. While a few authors, with Bishop Hurd, have regarded his proof as amounting to demonstration, others have spoken of it in terms of excessive disparagement.

Mrs. Johnson.—Explain to us, if you please, in what you consider its force to lie, for I cannot say that I have a full comprehension of it.

Locke.—Bishop Warburton, in the work of which we are speaking, undertakes to prove; first, that the belief of a future state, is indispensable to the welfare and existence of human society, and that all legislators had felt and recognized this truth by rendering it the sanction of their laws; secondly,

that Moses, in his code, omitted an appeal to this sanction, and of consequence, in the third place, must have felt himself divinely commissioned. This train of thought, when thus nakedly exhibited, does not present the appearance of strong reasoning, but when rightly apprehended and stated with all its corroborations, may be made to assume a more respectable aspect. Warburton has weakened his main argument by his wonderful diffusion of thought, and in some degree concealed it under an immense accumulation of learning. But suppose we do him full justice by the following representation. Society could not be maintained, unless mankind felt themselves under the government of God, and liable to rewards for their virtues and punishments for their vices dispensed by his hands. This assumption must be conceded by all sensible men, as incontestably established by the invariable experience of nations. Now, there are only two theatres of action in which the Divine Being can exercise this final discipline over the human race, this world or the next. Under ordinary circumstances we are all assured, that this wholesome discipline is but imperfectly exerted in the present life, and on this account ordinary lawgivers, have referred its execution to a future state. This is the great expedient by which they have prepared their communities for civil society, and secured an effectual submission to their laws. Moses is the only legislator, who has not found it necessary to have recourse to this instrument of subjugation and controul. He has not referred the Jews to a future state, as the theatre upon which those rewards and penalties, which they naturally anticipate from heaven, will be dispensed to them. He must, therefore, have felt convinced, that under his system, a theory would be established in this world, in which his people would immediately receive from the hand of God, those rewards and punishments which would animate them to virtue, and restrain them from vice. In other words, he must have received a divine commission, or legation. Under this view of the subject, it strikes me, there is great cogency in the argument, and it is scarcely overrated when denominated a moral demonstration.

Johnson.—This view of the subject is new to me, and I think a powerful vindication. How much superior is it to those puny efforts made by many feeble writers to bring the whole argument into disparagement and contempt?

Mrs. Montague.—Do you think as favourably, Mr. Locke, of those minor doctrines which are inculcated in this work? What say you to Warburton's opinions concerning disbelief in the immortality of the soul by the illustrious Pagans, and

that the descent of Eneas into hell is merely his initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries?

Locke.—I by no means accord with Warburton in many of the doctrines broached in the Divine legation of Moses. It is evident to me that the wisest and best of the heathen sages hoped, and fervently hoped, that they should exist in a future state. If they were sometimes perplexed with doubts about it, yet, in the general frame of their minds, and in the usual tenour of their hopes and fears, they trusted such would be their final destination. Their distinction of esoteric and exoteric doctrines, probably had reference to the pure and rational belief of it, and those fooleries which were mingled with it by the vulgar superstition. As to the descent of Eneas into hell, which Virgil has incorporated into his poem, in imitation of Homer, his great model, the bishop, seems to me to have hazarded a very improbable fallacy. All the proofs which he alleges in behalf of his theory, derive their plausibility from the circumstance, that in the Eleusinian mysteries, the passage of the souls of men into Elysium, was intended to be adumbrated. It was of course to be expected, that the copy would be a faithful representation of its supposed original. From this source, he draws many plausible considerations in favour of his fanciful theory.

Prospero.—Mr. Richardson, while in the library, we were speaking upon the subject of the modern novel, and ascertaining the principles upon which such a production should be constructed, what is your opinion concerning the great purpose which should be aimed at by the author?

Richardson.—Besides that purpose, which an author of this kind has in common with all others, instruction, or instruction recommended by amusement, he should portray the living manners as they appear in his own time, and endeavour to improve his readers, as well as convey to posterity a faithful delineation of its virtues and vices, of its excellencies and defects, its customs and habits, and of all its most refined sentiments as well as its follies and absurdities.—Had we a work upon the plan of a modern romance, which had descended to us from the days of Pericles in Greece, or of Cicero in Rome, it would be a great desideratum, and fill a large vacuity in the knowledge which has been conveyed to us by our present classics in both languages. Such a fiction might have transmitted to us a much more full and ample detail of facts, than can be comprised in history, in Epic poetry, or in epistles, either in prose or verse. Such a work might be a wide-spread picture, in which was exhibited all political, civil and religious affairs, the prevalent manners

and customs, the scenes of public and private life, and all those minute motives of action from which, as their springs, oftentimes arise the most magnificent transactions of the world. We know how large a picture Le Sage has given us, in his *Gil Blas*, of the manners of Spain, at the period in which his plan of action was laid, and a resemblance to which can still be recognized in the condition of Spaniards. A model of the same kind is to be traced in the novels of Fielding and his coadjutors in England.

Mrs. Johnson.—You do not, then, approve of what is now denominated the historical novel.

Richardson.—Undoubtedly not. That is a monstrosity, a crudity, or illegitimate fiction, which has had its origin in the prurient propensity of the public for mere amusement, for exciting tales. It has little more to recommend it, than the marvellous tales of the middle ages. To go back to an age in which the manners, customs and reigning sentiments were entirely foreign to our own, is not much more tolerable than to deal with giants, dwarfs enchanted castles, and all the wonderful machinery employed in the *Amadis de Gaul* and *Palmerin of England*. What more absurd, than to take the events recorded in history at any remarkable era, introduce the very agents who were concerned in them, and endeavour to fill up the details of authentic facts, by corrupting mixtures of this kind? It would utterly pervert and confound our knowledge of history, and supersede all those lessons which may be derived from her voice, when she assumes the chair of that philosophy which teaches by examples. The historical novel, is an illegitimate offspring of the muse of fiction, and ought to be discarded by the literary world.

Mrs. Montague.—But would not the same objection lie against tragedies or comedies, which are founded upon real facts, and authenticated stories?

Richardson.—It does in part lie against this species of tragedy and comedy, but not in so strong and vitiating a measure. There is scarcely any reader of Shakspeare who does not find this inconvenience constantly attending the perusal of his historical dramas. If he wishes to preserve his historical knowledge without adulteration, while enjoying the works of this inimitable writer, he must continually renew his perusal of the real history. But this is a slighter inconvenience, to which we may be willing to submit, in order to obtain the greater good of dramatical writings and exhibitions. It is a condiment which we delight to mingle with our food, and is too small in proportion to corrupt and vitiate the whole mass of our daily aliment. For the evils of this indul-

gence we are amply compensated by the fine delineations of character, the noble sentiments, the touches of nature, the lessons of morality, and all the numberless beauties with which these performances abound.

Mrs. Johnson.—There seems to be some difficulty upon this subject. I should like to hear Mr. Addison, express his opinion about it.

Addison.—It has never occupied my attention as much as that of Mr. Richardson, who has a right to pronounce a decision upon it, since he has himself furnished the finest of all specimens in fictitious composition. But my impression upon the first proposal of such a topic, entirely accords with that opinion which has been just expressed. The only instance, in which I should think a historical novel licensable, is when the scene laid is in a country more civilized and enlightened than our own, with a view to introduce into our age and nation, greater humanity and refinement of manners and sentiments. But to carry back a christian and highly humanized community to the coarse sentiments, barbarous manners, ignorant prejudices, and stupid superstitions of past ages, and by interesting representations of them, lessen the abhorrence in which they are justly held, and even reconcile the mind to them, is, to say the least of it, a very objectionable mode of writing.

Swift.—I hope, gentlemen, you do not intend to include in this censure, the Tale of a Tub.

Richardson.—Oh no, Mr. Dean, we are willing to regard that as an authentic history, applicable to all ages and nations. That will be a true biography of the brothers, Peter, Martin and Jack, as long as the world stands, and will neither corrupt our knowledge of history, nor inculcate any other lessons but those of sound morality and undefiled religion.

Here we took our last glass of wine, and having stated to the ladies, that I was under an engagement to wait upon Mrs. Addison this evening at her conversation party, in company with the family of Dr. Franklin, and having the pleasure of hearing from them, that they, also, with Dr. Johnson should join us, I took my leave for the present. As I passed out of the door, a man who had waited upon us as one of the servants at dinner, came up to me rather submissively, and requested to be informed, how affairs were proceeding in America, and observed, that he now felt an interest in the concerns of that republic, and would willingly make any atonement in his power for the injury he had done his country, during the revolutionary war, in which struggle he held a command in our army. This intelligence excited my curiosity, and I immediately inquired his name, which with much

hesitation and many blushes, he informed me was Arnold. He then, stated that he had now sufficient cause of regret and repentance for that act of treachery which he committed at that time, as he found himself in universal disrepute and contempt, and subjected to every humiliation that could be conceived, insomuch that his life was a burthen, and were he not apprehensive of augmenting his guilt and punishment in a future state, he should long since have committed suicide. I knew not how to console him under so severe a disaster, but advised him to make amends for the past by extraordinary good conduct in future, and no doubt, his sufferings would be finally alleviated, and perhaps his life at last rendered comfortable and happy.

ANTIQUE CAMEOS.

NO. II.

HYLAS.

Through the wild and devious solitude
He threaded the maze alone,
To a lake that, fringed with underwood,
Like the eye of the forest shone.

He parted the branches waving o'er
The glassy water's brink,
Ne'er parted save by the fawn before,
As it glided through, to drink.

He stood upon the grassy mound;
And his urn descended deep,
While dimples play on the lake around,
Like the smiles of a babe asleep.

From the pearly fountain's hidden springs
Breathe music's sweetest tones,
And his bosom the sweep of golden strings
In rapt enchantment owns.

And the naiad sisters who wildly roam
The azure depths of the wave,
Enamoured bear the youth to their home
In the cool and rocky cave.

And as the mossy couch is spread
His epithalamium swells,
For the waters dulcet music shed
As they sigh o'er the tingling shells.

HESPERUS.

THE LAST MAN OF "76."

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Extract 2.

From city and forest, some funeral bell
Had oft tolled in honour a veteran's knell:
Gay monuments rose to the memory of worth,
Which was slumbering in peace in the hallowed earth;
The legends of battle enlivened the hearth,
Where their offspring were prattling in infancy's mirth;
While the story of war and triumph o'er pages,
Of history shone to light freedom's far ages.

'Twas meek quiet eve, and the day in its glory
Was waining 'mid hills that were hallowed in story;
Soft colours were ling'ring on sky and on sward,
Gay clouds floated lightly above in the blue,
Melodiously rang the good night of the birds,
And the herbage was moist with diamond drop dew,
E'en gorgeous in death sank the sun to his grave,
As his gold to the clouds in his farewell he gave;
While low in the east, shone the soft modest moon,
As if she were frightened in rising so soon,
And the stars twinkled pale, in the vast vaulted dome,
Starting proudly on high in their beauty to roam
In the mysteries of space, a family of wonder,
Whose order and unity, time cannot sunder.
'Twas autumn, and pencilled o'er valley and mount,
O'er plain and o'er river, by streamlet and fount,
The hues of decay blent in sad beauty shining,
The blush of the rose with the evergreen twining—
For the leaves of the forest, e'en withering, bring
The incense of beauty, like flowers in the spring,
To offer in worship on earth's spacious altar,
Tho' in praise the immortal grow weary and falter.

On a laughing hill-side, overshadowed by trees,
Shut out from the storm, but not from the breeze,
With the bank by the porch and the brook by the door,
And the grove, giving shade and refreshment before,
A sweet rural cottage raised humbly its wall,
Where the moss and wild ivy luxuriant crawl,
Clasping with tendril each roughness and hollow,
And decking the nest of the wayward winged swallow;
While low o'er the lawn and deep in the dingle,

The flowers of the fall with the robinwood mingle;
 The rose of the wild with the forest vine wander;
 The green grape and woodbine together meander;
 The lilly and laurel in brotherhood grow,
 One virgin in greenness, the other in snow;
 The lark warbles wild from his perch on the thatch,
 And the robin sings loud, let us lift up the latch;
 Let us turn from the beauty and music around,
 To grief's lonely anguish 'mid pleasantness found,
 'Mid the thanks of mute creatures which rise in devotion,
 'Mid the currents of praises which swell to an ocean;
 From the raptures of nature ascending aloud,
 To the tears of the rest o'er decay and the shroud.

There was bitterness there, as they bended so low,
 To list for the breath that came softly and slow;
 To catch a last look ere the spirit had flown
 To meet, disencumbered, and joy with its own;
 Ere the eye of the clay whence the spirit spoke gladness,
 Should sink and grow dim in death's last farewell sadness.
 Ere the hands once so ready and welcome to shield,
 Lay mouldering low 'neath the flowers of the field;
 Ere the lips of affection were silent and blanched,
 And the fountains of fondness forever were staunched—
 How hallowed the throng which had gathered in love,
 To commune with the soul ere it soared far above;
 To sooth the low-couch of life's last quiet sleep,
 And join with each other to profit and weep:
 To reap and to garner the lessons of age,
 And to wail when the teacher had fled from the stage,
 There was infancy, smiling and giddy in play,
 Tho' its tiny feet stood by the bed of decay.
 Youth's bloom, pale in grieving hung hovering o'er,
 To catch death's inspiration ere life was no more.
 Maturity mourned o'er its silver-haired sire;
 And age turned with weeping, the heart's spirit lyre,
 The gray and the flaxen-haired gaze on that brow,
 And beauty's bright eye lingers, quenched in its glow;
 While Prattling and weeping and prayer rise embracing,
 O'er the form whose loved lineaments death is erasing.
 'Twas the voice of a family, calm and silent, but holy,
 The incense of love, sweet and fragrant, though lowly:
 Fair forms shrank in sorrow, soft looks spoke in tears,
 Warm drops blessed stern cheeks, that unmoistened in years—
 Green leaves and young branches aye tremble around,
 When the trunk which has reared them is struck to the ground;
 So the rivulet, too, falls and crushed is the flower,
 When its tendrils are torn from the time-broken bower—
 'Tis thus when youth's tendril, affection, is torn
 From the shelter of those whom it circled when born,
 The branches of memory wither and sink,
 And the leaves of fond duty and gratitude shrink;

The ripe fruits of gladness are rent from the stalk,
And lie in the path where the wayfarers walk;
But long ere it falls, in its frailty and failing,
The vine clasps it close, while decay is assailing.

At the warnings of death they had gathered them there,
Apart from earth's turmoil and life's busy care,
To mingle in unison farewells and tears;
To kiss the cold cheeks that were furrowed with years;
To press the white brow where the magic of thought
Had laboured and chafed since its mansion was wrought;
To do their last duty in gloomy devotion,
Ere they scattered again upon life's busy ocean.

But hearken! he whispers; the spirit still lingers,
And thought on life's harp plays with fluttering fingers;
Intelligence 'lumined the shadow of death,
And joy o'er the brow twines its roseate wreath;
The hope of the soul lights his upward-turned eye,
For the seraphim hover in holiness nigh,
And cherubs with garments of radiant whiteness,
Are beckoning onward to regions of brightness;
While the music of heaven is thrilling around,
Mysterious in harmony, solemn in sound;
The songs of the ransomed, the anthems of love,
Echoing in praise from the portals above—
But the sun ere its sitting breaks in on the scene,
And lights up the group with a brightness serene;
Its lingering glory has broken his trance;
While the leaves on the lattice in flickering danee,
And the cool breath of eve, when zephyrs are wooing—
And the kine in the valley are distantly lowing,
Have lured him away from his rapturous dream,
And stol'n from his spirit the sweet angel hymn.
He fixes his glance on those fast fading rays
And memory recalls life's myriad days:
Her beams have illumined the path of the past,
And visions of vanity throng at the last,
The phantoms of youth and the troubles of age
Are chasing each other o'er time's busy stage,
And the fortunes of manhood are told in review,
Clear and lucid as if they were passing anew—
List! Listen! he whispers, a soft sunny smile
Adorning and lighting his features the while—
List! Harken! he dreams of the battle-field now,
Where the loved of his youth lie forgotten and low,
And its scenes have o'erclouded his pale, fickle brow.
Hark! Victory! they fly—life's conflict is ended,
And death o'er his victim in silence descended.

Toll the bell—they are carrying the corpse to the earth—
Roll the drum—they are bearing a warrior forth.
From the mountains above let the cannon note thunder,
And rend with its echoing, the breezes asunder;
Let the mellow-toned bugle, forgotten with war,
Awaken to sorrow the freeman from far—
Let the music of battle his requiem sound,
And the dirge of free voices swell sweetly around.
Toll the bell!—roll the drum!—they are gathering slowly,
And thousands press forward to gaze at the lowly;
The worshipping crowds bless the idolized clay,
Then take a last look, ere they yield the thronged way.
Toll the bell!—they are hurrying from village and vale,
They sweep like the ocean borne on by the gale;
They heave like its billow, they roll like its waves,
And hum like the surf which the coral-reef laves.
Roll the drum!—as they bear the dead warrior on,
With the trumpet's note tell of the fields he has won.
Ye are following the dead, o'er the plains that were red
With the blood of the conflict; ye hollow his bed
Where the last note of triumph was heard in the air,
As 'mid his slain comrades he knelt awhile there,
To grieve o'er their loss ere he followed the flight,
And the flying, till carnage was shrouded in night.
On yon dewey knoll, where the moss is still green,
With his children around he oft' pictured the scene;
Oft' told of the battle, the victory, the dead,
Till twilight's cool breeze fanned his silvery head.

Bury him deep, lest some foul bird alight
O'er the spot where ye hide him, and drag him to sight—
Lest the hungering vulture in wheeling around,
Swoop and tear him unknown from his home in the ground;
Lest the beast of the forest should mangle the slain,
Ere his dust has returned to its own dust again.
Bury him deep in the wild-wood and thicket—
Where the sky bird sings soft, and the note of the cricket
Alone shall disturb the sweet stillness and gloom,
Which shall reign all round, lest the wayfarer come,
And trample unconscious and thoughtless above,
And bend not the knee in remembering love.
Bury him deep ere the murmurs of life,
Which shall soon in each forest and valley be rife;
Ere the soarings of science, the searchings of art,
Which forget in their labours life's holier part;
Ere the hum of a city, the noise of the world,
The banner of selfishness widely unfurled,
Shall trouble the lone one, or waken his sleep
In the earth where oblivion its vigils doth keep.
Bury him far 'neath the wild waving fern,
To slumber in peace till the soul shall return,
Like a wandering bird to its sheltering nest,

To seek the cold clay in its sepulchre rest;
To meet it again after ages of parting,
And united once more to linger ere starting,
To gaze on the battle-field fading away
'Mid the ruin and wrath of that terrible day;
Then soar, ne'er to sever from gladness above,
And in union of blessedness worshipping rove—
Oh, lay him to rest where nought but decay
Shall find or molest, in its desolate way.
It is done; he is sleeping: the last of his race—
Cold and alone in his burial place;
While the worm in its foulness is crawling unseen,
Where the soul of high virtue and emprise hath been;
Where the quenched eye of valour burned bright as a star,
And thought wandered free as the wild ocean air.
It is done: he is laid 'neath the evergreen sod,
And his spirit on high is communing with God.
Bring flowers for a chaplet to wreath o'er the dead,
Let the willow bend, weeping, its boughs on his head;
Bring the vine of the valley, and train o'er his grave
The rose and the laurel, a crown for the brave—
But profane not his honour with marble inscribed
To the virtues of one who in quietness died:
Let no monument say of its mouldering trust,
I keep in remembrance this crumbling dust.
Let his tomb be the land he has ransomed in glory—
His monument memory—his epitaph story.

R. G. P.

Baltimore, Md.

WHERE I WOULD BE ENTOMBED.

BY J. EVANS SNODGRASS.

SOME wish their lifeless corses laid
Amid the forest's tall, green wood,
Throughout whose dark and wide-spread shade,
Reigns one unbroken solitude—

Where many a giant oak's proud form
Laid lowly 'side by side, will be,
As if uprooted by the storm
To be their silent company;

Some in the green and flow'ry mead
Where birds of every hue and note,
On airy wings their circles speed,
From life's perturbing cares remote—

Although their ears no more can hear,
While resting in their silent homes,
The lark and redbreast carrol near
As evenings wane and morning comes.

Some ask, in silence they may be
Entomb'd beneath the shell-deck'd shore,
Where billows of the moaning sea,
Around their ceaseless wailings, pour.

I, too, have made a like request,
And pointed to a favourite spot—
There said my wearied limbs shall rest
When all forgetting, and forgot!

There is a weeping-willow's form
That waves before my childhood's home,
Defying many a sweeping storm,—
With roots deep-sunken in the loam.

Beneath its shade in spirits high,
I've often with dear sisters play'd,
With artless heart and tearless eye—
The toys around, the while, array'd.

If then sad thoughts our hearts, beset
 They quickly from remembrance flew—
 We dreamed not of the grave's dark cell;
 The present, then, was all we knew.

Beneath that mourning willow's shade,
 Whose form a mossy mantle wore;
 May my frail mortal part be laid
 When beats this anguished heart no more!

As gentle breezes stir its leaves,
 And birds sing sweetly o'er the green,
 That tree to which fond mem'ry cleaves,
 From storms my humble tomb, will screen.

As on its limbs my harp is hung
 In tuneless grief, above my head—
 Itself a useless thing unstrung,
 Fit emblem of the silent dead—

Anon may light winds stir a string
 In mem'ry of the heart that's near—
 Perchance to some eye it may bring
 'Affection's surest test—a tear!'

Baltimore, Oct. 1838.

THE PANTHEON.

AN idea advanced by Professor Rafinesque in his "Ancient Monuments" that, if the annals of a nation should be lost, the ruins of dwellings, churches, monuments, &c., would preserve the memory of its extent, power, character, and genius, struck me as peculiarly true when applied to the structure which forms the caption to this article.

It will be recollect that originally the church of St. Genevieve, it was diverted from the object of its design and appropriated to the purpose of a sepulchral monument, under the name of Pantheon—*a temple to all the gods.*

The awarding of the meed of praise to those who have deserved well of their country is at once just in itself as a tribute due to public worth, and politic as a means

of stimulating others to deeds of virtue and of patriotism. The generous bosom warms with gratitude over the monuments of departed greatness, and derives from a contemplation of them those noble impulses which their examples are calculated to impart. But while the idea of providing a national receptacle for the illustrious benefactors of their country is judicious and worthy of a magnanimous people, the *manner* of the institution of the Pantheon is abhorrent to every sense of propriety, and subversive of those great principles upon which the happiness of nations as well as individuals depends; for, in the words of the great Washington—"there exists an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness."

The Pantheon—that monument of the folly and impiety of the French nation—that monument alone—presents a faithful epitome of all that could be included in the most elaborate history of the times of its origination—of the substitution of infidelity for the faith of the gospel—of sophistry, sentimentalism, and false philosophy for the divine truths of revelation—of nonentity for the blessed hopes of everlasting life—and of sensual earthly pleasures for the pure joys of another and a better world.

A church dedicated to the worship of the "one living and true God," becomes a temple for the apotheoses of the *gods* of the French people—of Voltaire and Rousseau, whose blasphemies and sensualities opened the sluices of that corruption which deluged the land with blood—of the licentious Mirabeau, and even the sanguinary Marat. It is dismantled of its religious shrines and ornaments—a throne with a statue of the country, embracing the prostituted goddesses, Liberty and Equality, usurps the place of the altar of God—statues and basso-relievos from the Bible give place to allegories and symbols of patriotism, philosophy, the sciences and the heroic and social virtues—the tapers of religious science make room for the sepulchral lamps of the dead—and where rose incense to God, flame the censers of philosophic deification. To whom is not all this a record of the spirit and temper of the infidel times, which decreed the burning of the scriptures of divine Truth by the common hangman, the worship of a prostitute under the character of a goddess, and a profanation of the temple of Notre Dame by blasphemy, intemperance and obscenity?—of a time when all the sympathies and the decencies of life disregarded, liberty was licentiousness—reason madness, and virtue—crime.

The Pantheon is 340 feet by 250 feet broad, in the form of a cross, surcharged by minor crosses—supported in the inte-

rior by 130 fluted Corinthian columns. The dome is 282 feet high. The peristyle contains twenty-two columns.

The following were the ornaments of the Pantheon after its poetic consecration, to the purpose of a monumental temple—some of which have been changed. The inscription declaratory of its use is very appropriate—

“To great men,
Their grateful country!”

Basso-relievo over the gate of the temple. Declaration of the rights of man. Nature holding the table of the law; near Liberty and Equality.

Group by Chaudit. Public instruction—Minerva presents a crown to a young man.

Basso-relievo, above the group. The country presents the instructress to parents accompanied by their children. Inscription, “Instruction is necessary for all. Society owes it alike to all her members.”

Group on the opposite side of the *parvis*. Dying for one's country. The Country with maternal tenderness gazes on a dying warrior, who leans on his buckler Basso-relievo. Glory sustains a soldier, who dying, deposits his sword at the altar of the country. Inscription, “It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.”

On the right of the gate. A statue of the Law, her right hand grasping a truncheon, her left resting on the tables of the law on which are engraved, “Mankind are equal by nature and in the eye of the law.”

Basso-relievo. The Country presents the law—an aged man bends the knee, a soldier swears to defend it. Inscription, “Under the law, innocence is secure.”

On the left of the gate. The statue of strength. Hercules recumbant, his right hand resting on a tablet with these words, “Strength through the law.”

Basso-relievo. The country at the gate of the temple of the law, points Innocence to the statue of justice. Inscription, “To obey the law is to reign with her.”

N. C. B.

RESEARCHES OF THE POLYGLOT CLUB.

NO. II.

OH, NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER.

OH, NO! WE NEVER MENTION HER.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

Oh, no! we never mention her;
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak
That once familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me
They think that I forgot.

They bid me seek in change of scene,
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more
The valley where we met;
I do not see the hawthorn tree—
But how can I forget?

They tell me she is happy now—
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets her vow;
But I heed not what they say,
Like me perhaps she struggles with
Each feeling of regret;
But if she loves as I have loved,
She never can forget.

AH! EJUS NUNQUAM MENTIO FIT.
BY ARCHD'N WRANGHAM, DOCT. LAT. LING.

Ah! ejus nunquam mentio fit
De illa siletur:
Nomen—tam notum olim—fari
Haud mi conceditur.
Ad varios me lusus trahunt,
Ne defleam sortem;
Et sicubi subrisero,
Credunt immemorem.

Loco mutato ut gaudeam,
Par ceteris, monent;
At, ut peregre absim, mei
Mutatum nil cernent.
Convallem, qua convenimus,
Frustra quidem quoar
Fagumque:—at obliviscier,
Ah quo queam modo!

Illam felicem prædican,
Immo alacerrimam;
Nostrumque—at haud putavero—
Affirmant oblitam.
Premit dolorem forsitan,
Ut nos: amaverit
At ut nos, obliviscier
Ah! nunquam poterit.

ONEIN! IHR NAME KLINGET NICHT

BY ERNEST DEECKE, DOCT. GERM. LING.

O nein! ihr Name klinget nicht
In unserm Munde fort,
Die Lippe darf's nicht sagen mehr,
Das einst so trauter Wort.
Sie treiben mich von Ort zu Ort,
Dass meine Sehnsucht flieh;
Wer mir ein Lacheln abgewann,
Denkt, ich vergesse sie.

Sie reden mir von andrer Lust
Auf andern Fluren ein;
Doch war' ich auch im fernsten Land,
Wurd' ich dann anders seyn?
'S ist wahr, das Thal wo ich sie fand,
Das fand ich nirgend, nie;
Ich sahe nicht den Hagedorn,
Doch wie vergass' ich sie?

Sie sagen dass sie glücklich ist,
Und froh wie keine mehr,
Sie weisen dass sie mich vergass—
Doch acht' ich dess nicht sehr
Mit jeder Qual der Sehnsucht ringt
Vielleicht gleich mir, auch sie,
Doch, wenn sie liebt, wie ich geliebt,
Ach! dann vergiss sie nie!

AH! NO, GIAMMAI NON SENTESI.

BY SR. G. GRIMALDI, DOCT. ITAL. LING.

Ah! no, giammai non sentesi
Quel nome proferir;
A pronunciarlo vietanni
L'avvezzo labro aprir;
Solazzi ognor m'apprestano
Per dissipar mio duol;
E ch'io la scordi stimano,
Purch'io sorrida sol.

Scene mutando impongo mi
Diletto rintracciar;
Ma non per cielo stranio
Me vedran mai cangiari.
D'amor la valle conscia
Ah! lungi sen resto;
Piu 'l fido spin non mirasi;
Me cangiari mai potro?

Ch'ell' e felice, diconmi,
Che lieto ha il volto e il cor;
Ch'ell' e di me dimentica;
Ma fe non prestor lor.
Fors' ella pure in doglia,
Com' io, languendo sta;
Ma 'l suo amor s'e al mio simile,
No! mai scordar potra.

NON, JAMAIS NOUS NE PARLONS
D'ELLE.

BY M. DE CLAVERIE, DOCT. GAL. LING.

Non, jamais nous ne parlons d'elle;
Jamais son nom n'est entendu;
Ce mot a ma bouche fidèle,
Ce mot si cher, est défendu.
Au sein des plaisirs on m'attire;
Mes maux excitent la pitié;
Et si l'on m'arrache un sourire,
On croit que j'ai tout oublié.

On me dit qu'en changeant de scène,
Je pourrais charmer ma douleur;
Mais fusse je en terre lointaine,
Rien ne saurait changer mon cœur.
Je ne vois plus la source claire,
Le vallon, ni le peuplier,
Témoin de notre amour sincère;
Mais elle, puis-je l'oublier?

On m'assure qu'elle est heureuse,
Enjouée; et même on prétend
Qu'elle m'oublie.... Elle trompeuse!
Il n'en est rien, j'en fais serment.
Sans doute, hélas! comme moi-même,
Elle lutte avec les regrets:
Qu'elle m'aime autant que je l'aime,
Elle ne m'oubliera jamais!

ΟΤΑ ΑΤΤΗΣ ΜΝΕΙΑ ΠΟΙΕΙΤΑΙ.

BY N. C. BYBLOS, DOCT. GRAEC. LING.
SOC. POLYGLOSS. COLL.

Οὐδὲ αὐτὸς μηδέ ποιεῖται,
Μηδὲ 'ονομ' ἀκούει;
Εἴδομένοι τοῦ γῆματος
Χείλεα δπέχει:
Σπάουσιν μὲ πρὸς παῖδυματα
Σπούδαξοντο πέρτην,
Επειδ' υπομεδίσω
Οἰονται μὲ λαζαν.

Θελοῦσιν μ', η τοπος αλλοσ,
Ασφαλειν' ιδοντας;
Δε λυπ' η αισθησι
Προς επειρη χαρας:
Με συκεδ' επισκεπτομει
Μαρτυρικον αγκος
Και φυγει; δε ε φ τροπη
Ω λαυθαριμοσ.

Δε ετι φατιν αυτη η
Μακε—μακαρτατη;
Και ασ φιλο λαυθατα
Πιστωσι μιδεμι:
Ισως πυρχει εκεινη
;"Ηη λυπη καλωτα;
Δεροτισι ασ ημιτ
Ουκ δυναται λαζαν.

CESO EL HABLARME DE AMOR.

BY B. BRAVERA, DOCT. HISPAN. LING.

Ceso el hablarme de amor,
Su nombre no oigo ya;
Su nombre usado ya mi voz
Jamas repetira.
Quieren mi pena divertir,
Haciendome vagar;
Juzgan al verme sonrier,
Que ya llegue a olvidar.

Y vago en vano por buscar
Mi ya perdido bien,
Que en nueva escena no se hallar,
Encantos que ostros ven:
Y aunque ni el prado vuelva a ver
Donde ibamos a hablar,
Ni el arbol do le jure fe,
No lo podre olvidar.

Ahora me dicen que es feliz,
La mas feliz, muger—
Dicen que ya ni piens en mi—
Mas no lo he de creer.
Quiza, cual yo, viviendo este—
Victima del pesar;
Que si me ama cual yo la ame—
Jamas podra olvidar.

O NEI, JEG VIL ALDRIG NAVNE
HAM.BY M. LUDOVICUS, DOCT. DANISC. LING.
SOC. POLYGLOSS. COLL.

O nei, jeg vil aldrig navne ham
His navn er aldrig hoerd
Mine Lipper ere forbud' at lispe
Det vel bekiednte ord
De haste mig fra sted til sted
De ere bauge, at jeg skal gremmer
Og naar et Smil of mig De vinner
De tenker at jeg ferglemmer.

De aske mig soge paa andre strande
De Glæder som andre finde
Men var jeg ogsaa i fremmed Laude
I mig De oilde ei Forandring finde
Det er sandt Jeg seer ikke mere
Egnen hvor ve pleiede at renne
Det smukke Træ og andre flere
Hvorledes kunde jeg ferglomme?

De sige hau nu er lykkelig,
Den gladeste imellem glade
De siger han har ferglemt mig
Men mig De kan ei overtale,
Manske som mig han kiømper
Med Folelser saa svært at næmme
Men var han foengslet i amors Lænker
Han aldrig kunde ferglomme.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Health and Beauty. By JOHN BELL, M. D., *Lecturer on the Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence, &c., &c.* Philadelphia: E. L. Carey & A. Hart, 1838.

THE title of the work before us is as captivating as one of the objects that has engaged the mind of the writer, ever proves to the *eye*. But do not, reader, be disappointed in your expectations of the intention of the author in writing it, or the character of its contents. Since the name of an eminent medical man, appears on its title-page, you must be prepared to read something quite different in style and matter, from what characterizes the thoughts of those who have attempted to entertain us with disquisitions on "beauty." Here you may look for fruit, not flowers—for realities, not idealities. In this little volume you will find, not the pictures of female grace and beauty, the imagination of a painter would suggest, nor the descriptions of form and features comprising the requisites of beauty in the view of a would-be *connoisseur*, but illustrations drawn from a study of the human form. From anatomical and philosophical views expressed in a style familiar and easy, and divested of the technicalities too common with even popular medical writers, you will learn in what *real beauty* consists, and how you may best preserve it. You will, also, discover that it does not consist in any particular contour of feature and form with which certain much admired ladies are favoured; but in a due balance between all the physical as well as mental manifestations. And it will be found, that the former exert no little influence over the latter—that the want of healthfulness in the functions of the corporeal nature, must ever be followed by a corresponding deficiency of all those graces of countenance, voice, and movement, that belong to perfect health and vigour. Indeed, it is idle to talk of beauty as possessed by the victim of wasting disease. She on whose cheek the veil of consumption rests, may be called interesting—for her suffering can but excite our compassion, and cause the chords of manly sympathy to vibrate in tenderness; but she cannot be styled beautiful in the true sense of the word. The hectic flush will not be found a fit substitute for the rosy tints that the pencil of nature has left upon many

a fair one's cheek. The colours of the artificial rose, may as well be expected to vie with those of the original flower blooming amid sunshine, and healthful breezes.

This book will, likewise, lead the fair reader to reflect upon the importance of reaping the advantages of that "exercise," whose employment is so warmly urged by Dr. Bell; whilst he spreads before the mind the reasons on which his admirable recommendations are based—reasons whose foundations are facts, the force of which, every medical man will acknowledge, when his thoughts recur to the scenes he has viewed with an aching heart. It, indeed, requires no more than the judgment of a common observer, to determine that, to the effects of a sedentary life may be traced most of those diseases that have become so prevalent as to be styled, *fashionable*.

After they have perused the work we are noticing, our fair readers will conclude that, by following the directions of their medical advisers, they would escape the pangs of many an hour's sufferings. And they will find that, whilst they declare in the language of that sweet little song, "*I won't be a nun*," they are really *nuns* in confinement—that they only differ from them, in being guilty of destroying health by an uncalled-for reclusion, practised with less praiseworthy motives.

We add a few extracts from this work on "health and beauty;" hoping the reading of them will insure a general perusal of a work so useful.

"We need not wonder, then, that the Greeks should have made beauty an object of worship, and placed it immediately after virtue, in the order of their affections.—Refined and spiritualised in the discourses of Plato, described with all its moving attitudes to charm and enliven in the verses of Homer and his successors, beauty, when embodied in marble, by the skill of Phidias, still retained its poetical grace with perfect purity of expression.—The philosopher could calmly contemplate the work of the artist, as representing his own abstractions; the poet gaze on it as a realisation of his imaginative musings; and the moralist admire the combination of bodily grace and harmonious proportion with the image of mildness of disposition and maiden purity of thought. That this is no fanciful speculation, each of us can prove, by looking at that statue of the goddess of Love and Beauty which enchants the world, and in whose presence we inhale the ambrosial respect, which, beheld, instils

"Part of its immortality; the veil
Of Heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would fail."

[pp. 14—15.]

We add another extract touching a custom on which lectures have been, we confess, multiplied *ad infinitum*. But we do not, every day, meet with remarks so truly philosophical as the following. In a chapter on "obstructed respiration," our author remarks:

"A person, then, who is subjected to this kind of torture, more prejudicial to health than the Chinese fashion of small and cramped feet, must necessarily breathe with difficulty, since the chest can neither be enlarged in its diameter horizontally by the elevation and protrusion of the ribs, nor longitudinally by the descent of the diaphragm. The blood cannot be freely circulated nor suitably changed in the lungs; and hence a train of evils which have been distinctly mentioned in former parts of this work. The chest becomes deformed: it is flattened at the sides in place of being convex; it is a cylinder, as small below as above, in place of being greatly enlarged at the very part where the pressure of the corsets is greatest. The ends of the ribs which are connected with the spine between its vertebrae are unduly driven inwards; and as the force can hardly be precisely equal on both sides, the spot at which the pressure from the end of a rib on the spine is greatest, will be that at which this latter will yield, and a slight curvature will be begun, which the whole process of tight lacing will singularly tend to increase, in the manner specified in preceding pages."—
[pp. 220.]

We regret that medical men do not give the general reader more of their thoughts on popular medical subjects. The channels of our periodicals are open to them. And they would find that even volumes on the subject composed on the plain and lucid and, withal, pleasant manner, characterising that before us, would be perused with deep interest.

As to this little volume of Dr. Bell's; every parent should purchase it. The benefits its contents will insure to their families, if its pages be carefully studied, will excite their gratitude for the author's advice.

Morals and Manners. By HARRIET MARTINEAU, Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1838.

THE volume before us appears to be a sort of appendix to her books of travel already published. Ladies have not equal advantages with gentlemen for observing the "manners and morals," characteristic of the different classes of people in a country. They have not the physical ability to surmount difficulties presented, if female delicacy allowed of their inspecting many scenes that indicate the true character of society. Yet our authoress seems to have been far more ob-

servant than most of her predecessors, and to have gleaned a great variety of facts unnoticed, and perhaps deemed unworthy of notice by others. The most trivial incidents of travel are often aptly illustrative of the peculiarities of social or public life. These little matters, as they may be called, are to the mind of the tourist, what some of the back-ground representations are to painting, which enable us the better to catch the intention of the painter, and to observe the beauties or defects of the scene. So our observation of the habits of the lower as well as the more polished classes, is essential to enable the stranger to judge correctly of the manners and customs, and morals of a nation.

Miss Martineau seems to have understood this; and hence, made it her business, so far as the native modesty of her sex, and the rapidity of travelling, would permit, to note the movements of our countrymen in the different grades of life. But, nevertheless, she has given many good rules for the direction of others, she did not closely follow in practice. She falls into several errors, one of which we shall notice. It was a very natural conclusion for one with the prejudices derived from mingling, a life time, with a society, one of whose ingredients, is aristocracy, with its peculiar habits of thought and action.

Referring to the agricultural masses of the United States, she remarks: "The employments of life, are innocent, and the principle of association harmless; but, if there be *ignorance and prejudice* in the region, in these farm-houses they will be found; and in company with them *morals of a high order are not to be looked for.*"

Either our authoress has confounded *manners* and *morals*, or she has mistaken the actual moral condition of our peasantry. No class, taken collectively, is more virtuous. They have few temptations to indulge in vicious acts. They spend their week-days in the field when the weather is suitable. When otherwise, around the hearth of quiet and contentment; and the Sabbath morning finds them listening to some ministerial voice in the country church.

This volume seems to have been very hastily written,—indeed with less thought than the importance of the subjects treated, demands. But its style is conversational and attractively plain. Besides, we must confess, by way of calling the attention of all classes to its perusal, that it contains far more useful and practical philosophy than some volumes of more pretending titles. Travellers to whom it is particularly directed,—some of whom are now taking notes on our

country—will find in it many good rules, which we hope they will follow, instead of the example of a number of predecessors, who have seemed not to understand the *duties of a tourist*.

Burton; or the Sieges. By the author of "THE SOUTHWEST," and "LAFITTE." New York: Harper & Brothers, 1838.

THE volumes before us serve but to impress more firmly on our minds, the belief, that those American novelists are mistaken in their views, who think that scenes when laid in other countries, will be more interesting to the general reader than if laid in some portion of our own. There is every thing clustering around the physical features of our country—its past history, its internal and external wars, and the habits of its aborigines,—that could be essential to the completion of hundreds of volumes. Already many of our novelists—those of our own city among them—convinced of the fact, have chosen their incidents, and laid the scenes of their stories, in America. It has often been said of a certain talented writer, of whom our country can boast, that the moment he forsook the country of his nativity to seek for themes in other lands, the degeneration of his thoughts was perceptible.

We would be the last to desire the intimate literary connection between ourselves and the mother-land, dissolved—for we believe it to be mutually beneficial. Yet a certain degree of confidence in our literary resources, is as essential to our success in high intellectual attainments, as a reliance on our military resources could be to our national safety. The author of the volumes under notice, has in the direction of his pen, evinced the confidence of which we speak. Those who read with pleasure the bold-daring of "Lafitte the Pirate," will not be disappointed in their perusal. They will be no little interested in tracing the movements of an aspiring and warmly ambitious youth, from the humble position of an untiring, intrepid, messenger bearing despatches from one military post to another, in the disguise of a monk, up to the bold and persevering Cataline of his country.

Considering the difficulty of the task of rendering the familiar characters and incidents of grave history, romantic and fascinating, the author has been successful in the present effort. The reader will, of course, find much that is tame, and comparatively spiritless; yet much too, in the fate of some of the principal personages introduced, calculated to awaken the liveliest interest.

Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, and Poland. By the author of 'INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN EGYPT, ARABIA PETRÆA, AND THE HOLY LAND.' New York: Harper & Brothers.

This new work of our countryman, Stephens, has already passed to a third edition, and will be equally as popular as his former volumes. We have already had enough of Greece, to take off the quick edge of literary appetite; but the descriptions of the remaining countries will be rather new, and in our author's happy style, intensely interesting. We present the reader with a few extracts.

"Moscow.—Toward evening I returned to my favourite place, the porch of the palace of the Czars. I seated myself on the step, took out my tablets, and commenced a letter to my friends at home. What should I write? Above me was the lofty tower of Ivan Veliki; below, a solitary soldier, in his grey overcoat, was retiring to a sentry-box to avoid a drizzling rain. His eyes were fixed upon me, and I closed my book. I am not given to musing, but I could not help it. Here was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary events in the history of the world. After sixty battles and a march of more than two thousand miles, the grand army of Napoleon entered Moscow, and found no smoke issuing from a single chimney, nor a Muscovite even to gaze upon them from the battlements or walls. Moscow was deserted, her magnificent palaces forsaken by their owners, her three hundred thousand inhabitants vanished as if they had never been. Silent and amazed, the grand army filed through its desolate streets. Approaching the Kremlin, a few miserable, ferocious, and intoxicated wretches left behind, as a savage token of the national hatred, poured a volley of musketry from the battlements. At midnight the flames broke out in the city; Napoleon, driven from his quarters in the suburbs, hurried to the Kremlin, ascended the steps, and entered the door at which I sat. For two days the French soldiers laboured to repress the fierce attempts to burn the city. Russian police officers were seen stirring up the fire with tarred lances; hideous looking men and women, covered with rags, were wandering like demons amid the flames, armed with torches, and striving to spread the conflagration. At midnight again the whole city was in a blaze; and while the roof of the Kremlin was on fire, and the panes of the window against which he leaned were burning to the touch, Napoleon watched the course of the flames, and exclaimed, 'What a tremendous spectacle! These are Scythians indeed.' Amid volumes of smoke and fire, his eyes blinded by the intense heat, and his hands burned in shielding his face from its fury, and traversing streets arched with fire, he escaped from the burning city. Russia is not classic ground. It does not stand before us covered with the shadow of great men's deeds. A few centuries ago it was overrun by wandering tribes of barbarians; but

what is there in those lands which stand forth on the pages of history, crowned with the glory of their ancient deeds, that for extraordinary daring, for terrible sublimity, and undaunted patriotism, exceeds the burning of Moscow? Neither Marathon, nor Thermopylæ, nor the battle of the Horatii, nor the defence of Cœles, nor the devotion of the Decii, can equal it; and when time shall cover with its dim and quiet glories, that bold and extraordinary deed, the burning of Moscow will be regarded as outstripping all that we read of Grecian or Roman patriotism, and the name of the Russian governor (Rostopchin,) if it be not too tough a name to hand down to posterity, will never be forgotten.

"On the last day of my stay in Moscow, a great crowd drew me to the door of the church, where some fete was in course of celebration. After the crowd dispersed, I strolled once more through the repository of heirlooms, and imperial reliques and trophies; but, passing by the crowns loaded with jewels, the canopies and thrones adorned with velvet and gold, I paused before the throne of unhappy Poland! I have seen great cities desolate and in ruins, magnificent temples buried in the sands of the African desert, and places once teeming with fertility now lying waste and silent; but no monument of fallen greatness ever affected me more than this. It was covered with blue velvet and studded with golden stars. It had been the seat of Casimir, and Sobieski, and Stanislaus Augustus. Brave men had gathered round it and sworn to defend it, and died in redeeming their pledge. Their oaths are registered in heaven, their bodies rest in bloody graves; Poland is blotted from the list of nations, and her throne unspotted with dishonour, brilliant as the stars which glitter on its surface, is exhibited as a Russian trophy, before which the stoutest manhood need not blush to drop a tear."

"**POLAND.**—Upon the borders of the great forest, opposite the Forest of Elders, conspicuous from where I stood, was placed the reserve, commanded by the Grand-duke Constantine. Against this immense army, the Poles opposed less than fifty thousand men, and a hundred pieces of canon, under the command of General Skrzyniecki. At break of day the whole force of the Russian right wing, with a terrible fire of fifty pieces of artillery and columns of infantry, charged the Polish left with the determination of carrying it by a single and overpowering effort. The Poles, with six thousand five hundred men, and twelve pieces of artillery, not yielding a foot of ground, and knowing they could hope for no succour, resisted this attack for several hours, until the Russians slackened their fire. About ten o'clock the plain was suddenly covered with the Russian forces, issuing from the cover of the forest, seeming one undivided mass of troops. Two hundred pieces of cannon, posted on a single line, commenced a fire which made the earth tremble, and was more terrible than the oldest officers, many of whom had fought at Marengo and Austerlitz, had ever beheld. The Russians now made an attack upon the right wing; but foiled in this as upon the left, Diebitsch directed his strength against the Forest of Elders, hoping to divide the Poles into two parts. One hundred and twenty pieces of cannon were brought to bear on this one point, and fifty battalions, incessantly pushed to the attack, kept up a

scene of massacre unheard of in the annals of war. A Polish officer who was in the battle, told me that the small streams which intersected the forest, were so choked with dead, that the infantry marched directly over their bodies. The heroic Poles, with twelve battalions, for four hours defended the forest against the tremendous attack. Nine times they were driven out, and nine times, by a series of admirably executed manœuvres, they repulsed the Russians with immense loss. Batteries, now concentrated in one point, were in a moment hurried to another, and the artillery advanced to the charge like cavalry, sometimes within a hundred feet of the enemy's columns, and there opened a murderous fire of grape.

"At three o'clock the generals, many of whom were wounded, and most of whom had their horses shot under them, and fought on foot at the head of their divisions, resolved upon a retrograde movement, so as to draw the Russians on the open plain. Diebitsch, supposing it to be a flight, looked over to the city and exclaimed, 'Well then it appears that, after this bloody day, I shall take tea in the Belvidere Palace.' The Russian troops debouched from the forest. A cloud of Russian cavalry, with several regiments of heavy cuirassiers at their head, advanced to the attack. Colonel Pientka, who had kept up an unremitting fire from his battery for five hours, seated with perfect sang froid upon a disabled piece of cannon, remained to give another effective fire, then left at full gallop a post which he had so long occupied under the terrible fire of the enemy's artillery. This rapid movement of his battery animated the Russian forces. The cavalry advanced on a trot upon the line of a battery of rockets. A terrible discharge was poured into their ranks, and the horses, galled to madness by the flakes of fire, became wholly ungovernable, and broke away, spreading disorder in every direction; the whole body swept helplessly along the fire of the Polish infantry, and in a few minutes was so completely annihilated that of a regiment of cuirassiers who bore inscribed on their helmets the 'Invincibles,' not a man escaped. The wreck of the routed cavalry, pursued by the lancers, carried along in its flight the columns of infantry; a general retreat commenced, and the cry of 'Poland for ever', reached the walls of Warsaw to cheer the hearts of its anxious inhabitants. So terrible was the fire of that day that in the Polish army there was not a single general or staff officer who had not his horse killed or wounded under him; two thirds of the officers and, perhaps, of the soldiers, had their clothes pierced with balls, and more than a tenth part of the army were wounded. Thirty thousand Russians and ten thousand Poles were left on the field of battle; rank upon rank lay prostrate on the earth, and the Forest of Elders was so strewed with the bodies, that it received from that day the name of the 'Forest of the Dead.' The Czar heard with dismay, and all Europe with astonishment, that the crosser of the Balkan had been foiled under the walls of Warsaw.

Peter Pilgrim; or a Rambler's Recollections. By the author of "CALAVAR," &c. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1838.

EVERY author will find his taste and mode of thought and expression, more suited to one order of composition than another. Mankind present an endless diversity of characteristics impressed upon their organization, that are manifested in either their physical or mental pursuits. It is true that educational influences modify these to some extent; yet they cannot so far change the condition of things, as to render one individual successful in pursuits more adapted to the taste of others. In accordance with this idea, we have often witnessed with astonishment, the most able writers leaving the fields of thought where they appeared to labour with most complete success, to cultivate others of the nature of whose soil they were ignorant. This however will apply to others, we might name, better than the author before us.

Dr. Bird seemed to be perfectly at home (to use a common phrase) when tracing the facts and incidents portrayed in "Calavar." He described historical events with a fascinating pen. In it there was a constant necessity for the employment of that elevated tone of composition, for which that romance was so justly admired. The volumes we are noticing required a style of thought and expression, although in keeping with the characters introduced, ill-suited to the genius of our author. He therefore appears to greatest advantage in those portions where powers of description are called into play; but where, on the contrary, the low slang of vulgarity and ignorance demands the use of his pen, he seems to be comparatively unsuccessful. Many passages might be quoted in illustration of this point. Nevertheless several of the characters drawn from the condition of life to which we refer, are well managed. We were much pleased, for example, with the account given by "Smash," of his political career. It is a good satire upon many of the lengthy, senseless harangues made in our national and state legislatures, by men possessing more of vanity and ill-directed ambition than patriotism—more of love and worship of self, than of country.

Mr. *Smash* represents a politician who tells us how easily he spun out the long yarn of a speech containing little or no sense, and of no bearing on the subject before Congress. He talked loudly and learnedly of Greece and Rome, in true patriotic style, and completed, through consumption of no little precious time, 'a speech that gave universal satisfaction'

to his constituents—whilst its length was such as to furnish sufficient copy for the printer's devil of a village paper, to last the whole winter.'

The author's descriptions of natural scenery along the Mississippi river, are in many places strikingly graphic. But the best passages of the kind are those relating to that often visited, often described, yet indescribable, spot, *Niagara*. So soul-stirring are some of these, that *their* perusal alone is worth all that the volumes cost.

All of a writer's productions, who pens much, cannot be equally well executed or alike interesting; and although Dr. Bird's present has not been as fortunate as previous efforts, there is much in the volumes before us, interesting in variety and incidents, and the manner of their employment.

Napoleon and his Times. By CAULINCOURT, DUKE OF VICENZA. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1838.

We have not had time to bestow more than a mere glance at the pages of these volumes; but feel safe in recommending them to the notice of all who prefer reading historical events when depicted in the glowing colours of the imagination's pencil. All who feel an interest in the movements of that astonishing personage, Napoleon Bonaparte—and who does not?—will read "his Times" with pleasure, and remember many facts that dry historical detail would fail to impress upon their minds. He who passed through so many thrilling scenes, and felt alike the emotions common to prosperity and reverses—who stepped, as it were, from the glories of an imperial throne, to his retired and lonely prison-house at St. Helena—of whom Byron said—

"The arbiter of others' fate,
A suppliant for his own,"

has a right to live in story, and despite of scoffing enemies, will continue to live in the memory of unborn ages.

Lindsley's Address.—We have received a copy of an Address, delivered in behalf of the University of Nashville, by Philip Lindsley, D. D., president of that institution, and have seldom read any production containing more inherent evidence of a great and original mind.

His views on the subject of education are most liberal and comprehensive, and if carried out in their full extent, would in time place our universities upon equality with the time-honoured institutions of Europe.

It augurs well for the future to see men of transcendent genius labouring in the field of knowledge—that great conservative principle of our republican institutions; and the inhabitants of the "great West" may justly pride themselves upon numbering in their colleges men of erudition and learning, equal to any in the country, engaged in the great and ennobling work of education.